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by
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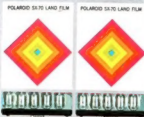
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A Letter from the Publisher

An intimidating assignment. Cut Henry Kissinger's thickly woven, elaborately detailed memoir, *White House Years*, down from 750,000 words to some 30,000, maintain its sense of narrative and still retain the breadth, texture and philosophical shadings of the original. If that was not challenge enough for Assistant Managing Editor Ronald Kriss, he also had to guard his work on the project—the three-part serialization of Kissinger's book that begins this week—as if it were a state secret. "We did not want stories to appear in advance of TIME's own first excerpt," explains Editorial Director Ralph Graves, "nor would Kissinger have wanted any unauthorized excerpts to be published."

Security measures were tight. Kissinger's corrected galleys were hand-carried to New York from the publisher, Little, Brown, in Boston, and stored in a vault at the Chase Manhattan Bank. They were brought by courier to Kriss, who had a 24-in. safe installed in his office for the occasion. Later, he regretted having turned down an 84-in. model when the excerpt drafts and numerous revisions began to bury the office furniture. Photocopying the work, a project that overheated sev-

eral office machines, had to be done on weekends, when witnesses were scarce. "At home," Kriss adds, "the only one who saw it was the cat."

Betty Satterwhite Sutter, head reporter-researcher in TIME's Nation section, was one of the few staff members with her own copy of the opus—kept, of course, in a locked drawer in a locked room. With assistance from 14 TIME research librarians, she attempted to verify every fact and figure included in the excerpts. Inevitably, some niggling little problems arose. Should the traditional Chinese phrase for "Bottoms up," for example, be transliterated as *gam-bei*, the dialect version, as it appears in the book? Or should it be *gan-bei*, the Mandarin version? We settled on the latter.

"As always," says Kriss, "the toughest question was what to leave out. Each theme introduced in the book is intricately threaded and developed throughout the whole." In refining and condensing the excerpts, Kriss readily accepted some constructive suggestions from an authoritative source who proved to be a fast, able and understanding editorial aide: Henry Kissinger himself.



Kissinger and Kriss polishing the excerpts

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Painting by Philip Pearlstein.



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Cover: In his long-awaited memoirs, which TIME begins excerpting this week, Henry Kissinger tells of a surprise job offer, secret missions, a Cuban crisis and his "lonely, tormented" boss, Richard Nixon. See SPECIAL SECTION.



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Nation: Jimmy Carter and Ted Kennedy square off for their epic slugfest and the President resumes another kind of running: on foot. ▶ Airplane defects arouse new alarms about air safety. ▶ The case of a bankrupt art dealer.



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Arthur Erickson puts fizz into his hometown, Vancouver, with a dazzling civic center that melds function and fantasy.

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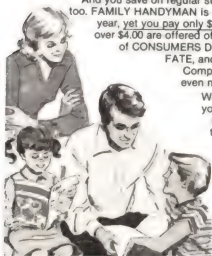
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Letters

Connally Power

To the Editors:

The office of President and the responsibilities of the U.S. call for a man who understands power—how to use it and how to deal with others who wield it. John Connally (Sept. 10) personifies power better than any other candidate of either party.

Dwight Eckerman
New York City

Didn't the U.S. get a bellyful of Texas political wheeler-dealers during the presidential term of Connally's late buddy, Lyndon Baines Johnson?

Ari de Desrochers
Monitor, Wash.



Dynamism may beget polarity, but the lack of leadership begets a malaise among the electorate. With leadership becoming as important an issue as the economy and foreign affairs, Connally has an almost unfair advantage in the upcoming presidential campaign.

Robert T. Sullins III
Bryan, Texas

Big John Connally's white horse is a black bull. His millions won't buy us Americans. We are not for sale.

Morris Alexander
Chicago

Just as in the darkest days of 1932 when fate gave America its great leader F.D.R., we now have a second opportunity to elect the one man who can bring our country back from the depths of despair. It will be a tragedy if the Republicans fail to nominate—and the electorate fails to elect—John B. Connally as our next President.

Carl Kugel
Bloomington, Ill.

Ex-Democrats like Connally or Ronald Reagan do not deserve the Republican nomination. Both of them are basically actors who can "act" the part of

President, but they are lacking in the psychological depth needed to make the important national and international decisions in the atomic age.

J. Steen Jacobsen
Largo, Fla.

When John Connally says that he would not let himself be exploited by Big Business, I believe him. He does not say, however, that he wouldn't let the rest of us be exploited.

L. Wayne Kittinger
Auberry, Calif.

Carter's Bunny

If President Carter thinks the banzai bunny that he had to fend off with a paddle (Sept. 10) was "just a nice, typical Georgia rabbit," wait until he sees the nice banzai American public when the presidential election comes up in 1980.

George Damman
Normal, Ill.

I believe the fighting rabbit made much of in the media should be nominated for President. For one thing, he knew where he was going and what he was going to do when he got there. It all makes as much sense to me as anything else these days.

Margaret O. Slier
West Chatham, Mass.

Much has been made of the story of the President and the "killer" rabbit—the aggressive, hissing rabbit, nostrils flared, swimming toward and appearing to be attacking the President's canoe.

I wonder if, in fact, it might not have been one of the more aggressive members of the Washington press corps disguised as a rabbit—sort of a wolf in rabbit's clothing.

Ann H. Hadfield
Perkasie, Pa.

Mountbatten's Murder

The dastardly murder of Lord Mountbatten (Sept. 10) and his 15-year-old grandson has shocked the civilized world. The act only serves to set back any real solution to Ireland's problems.

Stewart J. McClenahan
Hazel Crest, Ill.

Assassination by political terrorists is a reprehensible, morally unjustifiable act. But it is perhaps because of centuries of barbarous oppression and injustice under British rule that some Irish have yet to learn the laws of civilized warfare.

Norma McCormack
Rockville, Md.

Child with No Choice

Your article on the International Labor Organization child slavery report (Sept. 10) was a real eye opener. I felt it

unfair when I was asked to look for a job at age 15, yet I wonder what my reaction would have been as a five-year-old without any choice.

Lisa Montgomery
Mequon, Wis.

In many underdeveloped countries, child labor is not looked upon as something unnatural or illegal. After spending a year in Bogotá, Colombia, I grew accustomed to seeing young children, ages five to 15, roaming the streets, begging and stealing. A working child is seen as a step up from a young thief in a country that lacks the extensive welfare system we have here.

Howard Eltnfeld
Gainesville, Fla.

Antibiotics for Animals

The statement (Sept. 10) that the practice of feeding antibiotics to animals has received "largely uncritical acceptance" for a quarter-century is not quite correct. The procedure has been repeatedly challenged, as it should be. Numerous scientific articles on resistant intestinal bacteria in animals fed antibiotics have appeared, starting in the early 1950s. The puzzle is why the practice continues to be effective in farm animals when theories about resistance would have predicted the contrary.

Thomas H. Jukes, Professor
Medical Physics, University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Shock for the Church in China

Your article on the church in China (Sept. 10) inadvertently asked an interesting question. Will Pope John Paul II, if he is successful in re-establishing relations with Communist China, allow Roman Catholics there to keep the church as it was before the Second Vatican Council, or will they have to abandon their traditions and endure the shock of all the changes that have occurred in the church over the past 20 years?

Don Nelson
Dallas

Based on my impressions after living in China for seven weeks this summer, I am convinced that the typical attitude of the Chinese toward religion is not a receptive one. The words religion and superstition are used synonymously. Those who worship openly are all but laughed at by the younger people. Perhaps China's religious policies will change more easily than its people's beliefs.

Robert W. Bates
Sewickley, Pa.

Vietnamese in the U.S.

Revolting and nauseating are the actions against the Vietnamese refugees (Sept. 10) Why persecute those willing

Letters

to work long hours and do without so-called necessities in order to get off welfare quickly and not be dependent? Would that many of our citizens were as courageous and independent.

(Mrs.) Edith Lang Blake
Detroit

Another reason for not voting for Carter is his pious use of the U.S. Navy to locate boat people in the China Sea. In a recession, Americans don't need "coolie labor" to take away jobs and decent labor practices that made America great.

Richard Bergere
Flushing, N.Y.

Digging Up Decadence

Cheers for Lance Morrow's Essay on decadence (Sept. 10). It's about time someone dug decadence out of the slime and put it in our laps.

Jeff Duke
Holyoke, Conn.

When a nation parodies its laws, derides its ethics, makes a mockery of its economy and voluntarily advocates its power, that is called decadence.

Henri René
Pacific Grove, Calif.

I think the word decadence is an excuse used by the self-righteous to impose their morality on other people.

David Rubin
New York City

Slickers in Boots

I was surprised at your article reporting how city slickers are taking up wearing boots (Sept. 3) with their high-class suits and outfits. It was hard to believe that something they used to disparage would turn out to be one of the new fashions for fall.

Stacey Day
Madrid, Neb.

Cuban Complex

The Sept. 17 issue of TIME carries a photo of an alleged "Soviet-built intelligence station in Cuba." Quite the contrary, the photo is of an American-built telecommunications center that has been in Cuba, operated by an affiliate of ITT, since the late 1950s.

Ramón Sánchez-Parodi, Head
Cuban Interests Section
Embassy of Czechoslovakia
Washington, D.C.

Ramón Sánchez-Parodi is correct. TIME's photograph was not of the Soviet-built intelligence-gathering communications equipment in Cuba. High-level sources erred in identifying the photo for TIME.

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American Scene

In South Dakota: Gold Diggers of '79

A mile underground at the Homestake mine two men are at work, dim silhouettes beneath bright balloons of light cast by their head lamps. They are standing in a low, dark cavern, about 200 ft. long and 50 ft. wide, which is just now acquiring a festive look. Long blue and yellow streamers trail down out of the darkness from the jagged rocks overhead. Richard Aberle is patiently connecting up the streamers to make an electric circuit: yellow to yellow, blue to blue. They lead to detonator caps and charges buried deep in the rock by Aberle's partner, Jim Burns. As Aberle makes connections, Burns is busy installing more streamers. Most carefully, he places a single detonator cap on the end of a long air hose, shoves the hose into one of 800 holes, each one 9 ft. deep, that he has drilled in the rock above him. With a *wh-o-o-o-sh!* the air hose sucks up and implants the charge, millions of ammonium nitrate pebbles soaked with fuel oil from a black cauldron near by. "We call 'em prills," Burns says, emptying another sack of the explosive powder into the cauldron. The prills look like a pile of granulated soap particles and feel rather like raw tapioca.

Aberle and Burns are about to complete five hours of work. Giving the cavern a last look, they scramble to a steel escape ladder that climbs straight up, 110 ft., through a hole bored in solid schist. Shifting from that ladder to a creaky elevator cage, they hoist themselves higher still. Beside the cage as it moves upward—to a mere 5,600 ft. below the earth's surface—water streams down the timbers used to shore up the shaft, acting as both lubricant and fire preventive. In the hot shaft it sounds, and feels, like a tropical rain forest. Shiny with sweat, Burns and Aberle leave the cage and head down another tunnel toward their blasting box. "Cover your ears!" Burns yells. Counting ten under his breath, he pushes the plunger. "Fire!" The explosion is less a noise than a huge impact. The force of more than half a ton of explosive rattles the bones. There is a short, odd silence, followed by a series of low, menacing rumbles. That means the charges have done their work. Aftershocks have shaken loose more than a thousand tons of gold-bearing rock from the ceiling of the cavern. Smoke tumbles up the nearby escape shaft, thick with the acrid scent of ammonia.

When the smoke settles, the miners must hustle down to the 5,900-ft. depth, work out under the cavern where the new rock has fallen, and begin hauling

out stone, which is then hoisted onto ore carts for the long trip to the mine head. There it is pulverized, milled down as fine as flour, and the gold is chemically extracted as minute particles of dust.

Burns, 36, and Aberle, 27, are one-half of a four-man contract mining team. It will take them nearly a month to produce the 2,000 tons of ore needed to yield one 401-oz. bar that is "four nines," or 99.99% pure gold. But they will never see any of it. Even so, says fellow Miner Dan Cooper, a big Dakota farm boy lately turned miner: "People back



Richard Aberle and James Burns shoring up the mine ceiling

home are always asking, 'How much did you get?' They think you just pick the stuff up and put it in your pocket."

Gold! It has again become the stuff of greedy legend. Once coveted by kings as a gift from the gods, guarded by dragons, bloodily pursued by conquistadors and hapless Forty-Niners, it is sought today as the world's safest and most dramatically rewarding investment in what seems to be a steadily sinking world economy.

In the U.S. the soaring price (once \$400 per oz. seemed beyond belief) has sent squadrons of amateur hunters backpacking into the hills to pan for gold. Some of the great old names—virtual ghost towns since the price was pegged at \$35 per oz. in 1934—are bustling with new business. Cripple Creek in Colorado, Sierra City in California and Virginia City in Nevada, home of the Comstock Lode, are opening or planning to reopen mines, reworking old tailings with fancy new equipment, moving tons of

rock to get at ore seams that for years were thought uneconomical to mine.

The Homestake, by contrast, has been worked almost continuously for more than a century, ever since 1876, when two brothers, Moses and Fred Manuel, first stumbled on a promising vein of quartz in the Black Hills schist. The mine's total yield to date adds up to about 10% of all the gold ever mined in the U.S. (an estimated 325 million oz.). The Homestake contribution could be encompassed in a solid gold cube 12 ft. to a side, worth at present prices about \$10 billion. But at Homestake, the road to El Dorado is mostly dark, deep, hot and dirty. The gold keeps getting harder to find and the tunnels and shafts grow deeper and longer. There are now 250 miles of underground cart tracks, and some shafts plunge so deep toward the earth's molten core that the temperature reaches 135° F. Expenses go on rising. It now costs \$200 to extract each ounce of Homestake gold. That is high, but at current prices it leaves plenty of room for profit.

Contract miners like Aberle and Burns rarely see the gold they dig, which is usually invisible to the naked eye. Like other miners at Homestake, they get paid only for the volume of rock they shake loose and ship out—plus an hourly bonus based on fluctuations in the price of gold. (In the past month the bonus has nearly doubled, from 31¢ to 57¢ an hour. The daily gold rate, chalked on dimly lit blackboards deep under the earth, is watched by miners as keenly as it is by the gnomes of Zurich.)

For days spent blasting down the very roofs over their heads, for wrestling with boulders, some of them the size of a Dodge Omni, for driving 15-ft. rock bolts into the stone ceiling to keep it from falling in on them before blasting, Burns and Aberle expect to bring home at least \$25,000 apiece this year. Team partners are chosen with extreme care, because sheer ambition is essential to success, plus the kind of skill that grows from aptitude and experience. "There's quite a few guys working their butts off and not making any money," says Burns. The alternative to working on a contract team is to hire out at a flat \$7.50 an hour in support jobs like motorman or cage operator. Adds Burns: "If you're going to mine gold, you might as well make money at it." Aberle agrees. But as they call it a day after 7½ hrs. underground and start on the regular 40-min. commute upward to the surface, he ponders some roads not taken. Says he: "And I always wanted to be a wilderness guide."

—Madeleine Nash

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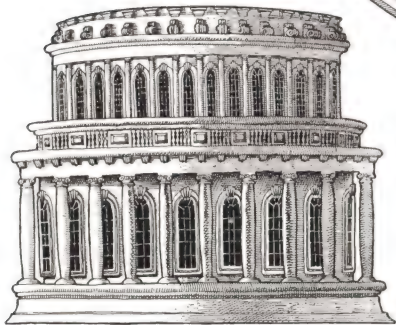
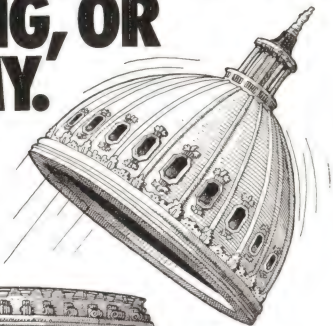
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TIME OCT. 1, 1979

Out to Stop Kennedy

Now the battle is in the open, and Teddy's troubles will grow

"I see the events of the past week through a looking glass," one of President Carter's top aides said last week. "The challenger has become the incumbent, and vice versa." The aide had a point. No sooner had Senator Edward Kennedy become an all but announced candidate for the Democratic nomination than he began stressing financial prudence and backing away from his image as a big-spending liberal. Jimmy Carter, on the other hand, did not seem at all uncomfortable in his oldtime role as underdog. At his Washington election headquarters, campaign workers sported buttons defiantly proclaiming: WE DID IT BEFORE. WE'LL DO IT AGAIN.

Many of the initial reactions to Kennedy's campaign maneuvers had made it sound as though the nomination were his for the asking (House Speaker Tip O'Neill virtually said as much). But Carter made it clear last week that he would not be steamrollered out of the race. And although there has been much talk about Kennedy's charisma and his high standing in the polls, he is by no means invincible. On the contrary, he may prove vulnerable on a number of points ranging from his liberal economic views to his personal life. To start the counterattack, Carter's aides gathered at a meeting with some 20 Democratic officeholders who support the President. Among those who showed up for the after-dinner session, held in the Watergate apartment of Democratic Troubleshot Robert Strauss, Congressmen Dante Fascell of Florida, Bill Alexander of Arkansas, Mario Biaggi of New York, John Murtha of Pennsylvania, Bill Hefner of North Carolina, Detroit Mayor Coleman Young, Georgia Governor George Busbee, New York Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo and California State Treasurer Jesse Unruh. The politicians urged the President to declare his candidacy at once to keep support from slipping to his rival. "Kennedy needs to know what he's up against," said Alexander. Advised Cuomo: "Holding back just clouds the Carter record. It encourages rumors and allows a sense of tentativeness to grow up around the campaign."

But Carter wanted to hold off, for some practical as well as political reasons. He wants to appear in his presidential role as long as possible before he descends into the political arena. And if he became an active candidate, his presidential trips might be ruled campaign



excursions. Then he would have to pay for them out of his own funds. So rather than make an immediate announcement, the strategy group decided on holding a Carter rally in Washington in late October. Some 200 "Democratic heavies" would attend, White House aides said—a risky undertaking if lots of the heavies stay away.

Once again Hamilton Jordan is in charge of the campaign. But the White House Chief of Staff has more worries than he did in 1976. For one thing, his own reputation has been damaged because of repeated allegations concerning cocaine use. He may even have to face a special prosecutor appointed to investigate the accusations. He must also be careful not to work in the White House for the President's re-election, since that would be a violation of campaign law. When he wraps up his administrative duties for the day, Jordan often goes to Campaign Director Tim Kraft's Georgetown home for a long evening of political plotting.

Jordan feels he is solidly supported by Kraft, a shrewd and nimble tactician who is fiercely dedicated to Carter. Last week when Kraft arrived at the dingy, crowded campaign headquarters above a topless-bottomless pub called Sabrina's Salaam, six blocks from the White House, his broad grin under the Pancho Villa mustache was a welcome sight for some 100 harried work-

ers. "We never thought this would be a cakewalk," warned Kraft. The rather amateurish staff has now acquired a few seasoned professionals, including Robert Keefe, who ran Senator Henry Jackson's 1976 campaign. Some of the more experienced hands are being sent to regional offices around the country. Financing is still difficult because of Carter's political weakness, but his aides have managed to bank \$2 million so far, and they expect to reach \$3.4 million by the end of the year.

In a switch from 1976, the Carter campaign is seeking all the public endorsements it can get. Said Democratic National Chairman John White, who met with Carter last week to assure him of support: "It's only when you can't get endorsements that you say they're unimportant. If you can get them, they are." Jack Watson, Carter's liaison to state and local officials, started phoning Governors, mayors and legislators in an effort to line them up. By week's end, he had snagged at least one useful endorsement: Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley.

The President is also handing out federal favors in a way that might have shocked Carter the pure-minded challenger in 1976. He appointed William Dunfee, a New Hampshire businessman, to the United Nations delegation. He named Jean Hennessey, Democratic National Committee woman in New Hampshire, to a \$47,000 part-time post with the U.S.-Canadian International Joint Com-

mission. He plans to mail to each of 4.5 million New England households a little packet containing tips for cutting home heating bills and a plastic gadget that can be inserted in the nozzle of a shower to reduce water consumption. The taxpayer will foot half the \$3 million cost; the other half will be paid by private businesses now being contacted by the White House and the Energy Department.

The White House is working strenuously to keep the labor unions from defecting to Kennedy. So far, no major union leader has joined William Winpisinger, head of the International Association of Machinists, in declaring for the Senator.

Though they may prefer Kennedy, the labor leaders have reason to move carefully. The United Auto Workers are hoping for a federal bailout of the troubled Chrysler Corp. The National Education Association is pleased that Carter is pushing for a Department of Education. The garment unions are grateful for getting protection against low-cost imports. Says a Carter staffer a bit hopefully: "The myth that Kennedy has only to snap his fingers and labor hops is just not true."

While building up the President, his supporters will attack Kennedy, who they think is vastly overrated. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller said last week that Americans will vote for their pocketbooks in 1980, not for a "beauty contest." An aide backed Miller up: "Eventually, Kennedy will be forced to discuss dollars and cents, and when he does, we'll peel him like an onion." Said a White House economist: "Kennedy's economic philosophy would sink of its own weight if exposed."

Kennedy was not providing an easy target as he started his own maneuvering last week. Edging closer to a formal candidacy by accepting a White House offer of Secret Service protection,* he gave a series of interviews that sounded a more centrist tone than usual. He insisted he did not want to spend any more money than the President, though he would spend it differently: less for defense, more for domestic social pro-

*By law, this protection is given only to officially declared candidates who have become eligible for federal financial aid, but Carter made an exception at the request of Kennedy's aides. No other candidates are expected to get Secret Service protection before Jan. 1.



Carter displaying jersey presented to him by "Boy of the Year"

Starting the counterattack with endorsements and federal favors.

grams. He said he would remove both the new aircraft carrier and the MX missile from the fiscal 1980 budget. Though he remained committed to his national health insurance plan, he claimed that it would cost an additional \$28.6 billion a year, while his critics contended that the price tag would be closer to \$45 billion. Kennedy also favored eliminating what he calls "tax expenditures"; that is, tax breaks for various groups. He would abol-

ish deductions for such business expenses as first-class airfare.

Behind the scenes, Paul Kirk, a Washington attorney who is a longtime friend of Kennedy's, started coordinating campaign activities. Young activists with dreams of Camelot II sought him out for jobs. One of the dilemmas facing a Kennedy campaign is what to do about all the earnest amateurs who have started draft-Kennedy movements around the country. As an experienced professional wedded to the old ways of doing business, Kennedy wants to

place professionals in charge of local groups, but he does not want to bruise feelings. The draft movements also offer financial advantages. As long as they are not personally connected to Kennedy, they can raise (and spend) as much money as they want, according to a ruling of the Federal Election Commission. Once they are affiliated with his campaign, they can collect only a maximum of \$1,000 per person.

Both sides are girding for an absurdly early first battle in Florida. On Oct. 13, Democratic county caucuses will pick delegates to a state convention on Nov. 18, when a straw-vote will be taken on the presidency. The Kennedy forces do not expect to win the straw vote, which has no official standing, because nearly half the delegates will be chosen by party regulars loyal to Carter. But Kennedy would like to come out ahead in the caucus selection, which would be a blow to Carter in a state where the President is still popular.

To prevent such a setback, the President is pouring money, manpower and perks into Florida. Last week, Rosalynn Carter visited the state for the second time in 21 days. Self-contained and smiling, she could barely suppress her irritation when questioned about Kennedy's growing support: "I don't find the growing support. What we do is not predicated at all on what Senator Kennedy does. It doesn't matter what he does." Citing her husband's "solid record" of accomplishment, she noted the nation was not at war. 8 million more Americans were employed and progress was being made toward a balanced budget and peace in the Middle East. Her Jimmy, she emphasized, was the first President to offer comprehensive energy legislation. "That's what I call leadership," she said. All she has to do is convince the nation. ■



Kennedy walking toward office accompanied by Secret Service agents

Stressing prudence and backing away from image of big spender.

"I've Got to Keep Trying"

A Catoctin mountain brought Jimmy to his knees

It is the kind of scene that happens every weekend all over the country, but this one is by now part of presidential history—the middle-aged runner with the yellow headband and the number 39 on his T shirt nearing the top of a long hill in Catoctin Mountain National Park, then beginning to mean and falter. "I've got to keep trying," gasped Jimmy Carter, now sweating heavily. "If I can just make the top, I've got it made."

Seconds later, an ashen-faced Carter felt his legs go rubbery and just as he began to fall a Secret Service agent grabbed him. Some aides feared he had suffered a heart attack; the White House and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski were immediately alerted, and there was talk of evacuating the President to a hospital. But White House Physician Dr. William Lukash diagnosed heat exhaustion. The President was taken back to his bedroom at Camp David, stripped, covered with cold towels, and injected with nearly a quart of salt water through a vein in his left arm. Lukash quickly ran an electrocardiogram on Carter; the results showed no heart damage. After about an hour, the President was up and slowly walking around the room. Some 90 minutes after the collapse, Carter stood at the finish line of the 10-km (6.2-mile) race, handing out trophies to the winners. "They had to drag me off," he joked. "I didn't want to stop."

Despite Carter's lighthearted remark and stouthearted recovery, and despite Lukash's assertion after a complete medical examination that Carter seemed "perfectly normal," the incident raised questions about the President's exercise program and general well-being. Although more than 10% of American adults say they run or jog regularly, doctors have been cautious about proclaiming that running assures a healthier life. As exercise becomes more popular, it appears running may actually bring on heart attacks among a few people, particularly those who have not trained sufficiently. On the very week of the Carter race, a team of Stanford doctors released a study of 18 joggers who died during or just after exercise. The doctors concluded that superior fitness and extensive training do not guarantee protection against such deaths.

Though Carter admitted last year that he had "never been a really good athlete," he has proved to be a very conscientious exerciser and one of the most versatile sportsmen ever to serve as Chief Executive. He enjoys activities ranging from bowling and swimming (he can execute an impressive one-and-a-half flip off the diving board at the Camp David pool) to fly-fishing and quail hunting. During

his first 20 months in the White House, Carter tended to get most of his exercise through tennis, playing at least five times a week and teaching Rosalynn to play. He took up jogging a year ago, when he held the Middle East summit at Camp David and discovered he had no time for tennis. Says Lukash: "In his usual fashion, he went at it intensely."

Carter, who had been a member of the U.S. Naval Academy's cross-country team 36 years ago, devised his own jogging program, with the help of books like James Fixx's *The Complete Book of Running*. He started out with one- to two-mile runs around the White House drive-

way on weekdays, and logged longer distances on his Camp David weekends. Like many novice runners, Carter soon became addicted. Said he: "I start looking forward to it almost from the moment I get up. If I don't run, I don't feel exactly right." By early summer, Carter was averaging 40 to 50 miles a week, and with typical intensity and stubbornness, he kept trying to better his time. At first, he averaged 8½ min. per mile, but he now regularly finishes the distance in 7 min. Occasionally, he turns in a 6½-min. mile, "an excellent time for a self-proclaimed 'senior citizen' who will be 55 this week."

Watching closely over Carter's regimen is Rear Admiral Lukash, 48, an ascetic-looking, genial Navy doctor. A graduate of the University of Michigan Medical School, Lukash has been on the White House medical staff since 1967.



Knees sagging, a gasping Carter is caught by Secret Service man and Lukash (No. 196)

He took up the sport with his usual intensity, and ended up pushing too hard.

when he began helping to care for Lyndon Johnson. Gerald Ford promoted him to White House physician in 1974 and Carter decided to keep him in the post, which involves tending not only the First Family but the 1,300 members of the White House staff.

Lukash, who was running* at Carter's side when he collapsed, is rarely more than a few yards away from his most important patient during the working day. He often sees the President as early as 6:30 a.m., when Carter pokes his head into the doctor's East Wing office to wish him good morning. If Carter is already working at that hour, Lukash will look in on him later in the day, just for a quick check of how he is feeling. "I'm not a medical albatross," says Lukash. "He sees so much of me that I try to blend in." He gives the President a complete physical annually, and does not believe more frequent ones are needed. "He's had no risk factors," explains Lukash. "He doesn't smoke. No diabetes, no hypertension, no heart disease, no lung problems."

Despite his job, Carter's blood pressure is a steady 110-115/70. Says Lukash: "He is in excellent health. I wish I could take credit for it."

Lukash readily concedes that Carter looks considerably different from the candidate of three years ago. The job has visibly aged the man—which is no surprise; it aged his predecessors. Carter's hair is grayer, his face much more lined. His jogging has also caused alterations. Before he started, he carried 158 lbs. on his 5-ft. 9-in. frame; today he weighs 148 lbs., a drop that has required him to send his suits out for refitting. Carter now regularly uses a sun-screen lotion to protect his fair complexion. This often leaves his face looking splotchy, says Lukash.

Lukash also believes Carter is bearing the emotional strains of his office well. Says he: "I've never seen him manifesting overt stress. Obviously, he gets concerned about his brother Billy or by Chip's divorce. But he's not in any way weakened under the pressure of decision making. He's philosophical about the pressures and feels he is doing the best he can."

Nevertheless, the doctor does not dismiss speculation that the most recent set of worries—dismal ratings in the polls, Soviet troops in Cuba, allegations of cocaine use by Hamilton Jordan, the challenge of Senator Edward Kennedy for his party's presidential nomination—might have undermined Carter's strength and played some part in his Catocin fallout. More significant, however, was the fact that the President was doggedly attempting to improve his time; he was trying to cut a full four minutes off his best previous time on the punishing Catocin course, from 50 minutes to 46. Many runners would consider such substantial improvement under competitive conditions a fool's errand. Admitted Lukash: "This time he was probably trying to do too much."

*An avid jogger himself, Lukash has been running for 3½ years.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Compulsion to Excel

The men who get to the White House seem to have a deep compulsion to do everything a little more, better, grander than any of the others who have gone before them. Perhaps it is a natural urge, since getting to be President of the United States is about a 6 billion-to-1 shot at any given moment in the human scene. Having established that triumph, they look for other records to break.

Excelling has in most cases been a way of life from the cradle. Lyndon Johnson liked to tell the story about his grandfather riding around the Texas hill country on the day of L.B.J.'s birth, proclaiming that a U.S. Senator had been born. Long before Johnson went on to fulfill that prophecy, and do a bit better, he accumulated a number of scholastic and community achievements. So did Kennedy (Pulitzer Prize author) and Nixon (law school scholarship) and Ford (Eagle Scout). So did Jimmy Carter, who led his high school, was admitted to Admiral Rickover's nuclear fraternity, succeeded in business and local politics.

Doing things first and best is no less appealing once the White House has been reached. There is no book of presidential records (first hole in one by a Republican ex-President—Eisenhower, Palm Springs, 1968), but maybe some bright fellow will compile one some day (first President to raft down the Salmon River—Carter, 1978). Besides Nixon's true conviction that an opening to China made good sense, there is evidence that his vision of appearing live on the *Today* show as the first President to toast China in the Great Hall of the People spurred him to new heights of energy to set up the deal. Writer Dick Goodwin once said of Johnson that when he talked he talked more than anybody, when he ate he ate more, when he legislated he legislated more, when he loved he loved more. "He is just more."

The reason for this reminiscence is that Jimmy Carter is possessed of the same drive, and as he pointed over the hills of Catocin Mountain in pursuit of a 46-min. time for the 6.2-mile course, he surely had in the back of his mind the historical footnote that would rank him as the first President to run that far some place other than in a primary election.

The trouble is that record breaking seems to be having the opposite effect for Carter. Come to think about it, that presidential compulsion may have helped to do in Johnson (more education bills, more health programs, more guns and more butter), and Nixon (best organized, first to tape all office conversations, most beyond the law).

From the start of his term, Carter has seemed driven to be the most liked. Instead, he now stands at 19% approval, which has broken all records in public opinion sampling—down. Carter has got up earlier than anybody and read more and worked harder to absorb more facts than any of his predecessors. Now, a lot of his advisers have been telling him that it is bad to get so burdened with the details of the world's problems.

Carter's promises to balance the budget (world record: most daring fiscal pronouncement) and not to import an additional barrel of oil (U.S. record: optimism) have put him in embarrassing binds. So did his pledge to hold all those news conferences, which were designed to break some kind of record and shame the reclusive Nixon.

Other highlights: Religion—Carter carried his evangelical faith over a wider area than any other President, including a brief Christian sermon preached to Korea's President Park Chung Hee, who may be Buddhist, if anything. Tolerance—Carter exhibited the most sustained tolerance of subordinates since U.S. Grant, forgiving the questionable behavior of Bert, Billy and Ham. Toughness—Carter reversed his nice-guy image and asked for mass Cabinet resignation, later forced four members out permanently in the most stunning Administration change in recent years.

There is a lesson here somewhere. The last three Presidents all have held Harry Truman up as a man of admirable achievements. But Harry walked, never ran. He paddled, never swam. He drank bourbon, never diet cola. He legislated with restraint, he warred with grave doubts, he tolerated only so long. He left the record setting of his time to Ted Williams.



Truman on a brisk stroll

Battling over the Brigade

Gruff talk by the U.S. over Soviet troops in Cuba

What to do about the Soviet troops in Cuba? Laying the groundwork for an answer to that question has been the task before Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin in two weeks of meetings at the State Department. Last week they huddled twice. There was no movement on the issue, at least none that was made public. It seemed likely that any significant shifts in both countries' positions would have to await Vance's meeting this week with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the U.N.

For both sides, the difficulty is resolving the problem without giving the impression of backing down. At the White House, President Carter told congressional leaders only that the negotiations over the 2,600 to 2,800 Soviet troops had reached a delicate phase during which major decisions would have to be made by both sides. An Administration official later said that the Kremlin would have to take steps "to relieve, to alter the situation in a way favorable to the U.S." Just what Carter is willing to accept as "favorable" was a tightly kept secret.

The official indicated that the Soviets have ruled out withdrawing the unit, which they say has been in Cuba since the early 1960s. But he insisted that Carter is determined to avoid a "cosmetic solution." The feeling within the Administration, said the official, was that the "Soviets are not going to do what is satisfactory to resolve the situation." To prepare for that possibility, Carter asked the National Security Council to draw up a list of possible unilateral moves by the U.S. These stop short of military action, which the President has ruled out.

Carter's expression of urgency came none too soon for congressional leaders. G.O.P. Presidential hopeful Howard Baker told Carter that the whole matter "should have been dealt with by now." Senate Foreign Relations Chairman Frank Church declared that "the Senate will require a certification by the President that Soviet combat forces are no longer deployed in Cuba, if the way is to be cleared for consideration of SALT." New York Senator Jacob Javits, senior Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, was calmer. Said he: "I don't believe this issue ought to be blown up into some major national crisis."

The Kremlin, meanwhile, may be seriously confounded by the entire issue. A Soviet with considerable experience in American affairs said last



week that the furor in the U.S. over the brigade puzzled Soviet leaders and was forcing them to question the "stability and sanity" of the U.S. Government. He asked: "Must we always accept a moratorium on rational dealings every four years while your political system goes crazy?" He left open the possibility that the Kremlin might be willing to make some small adjustments in the brigade's status, such as pulling out its light tanks or tinkering with its deployment. But he said that Soviet leaders are not willing to make major changes in the unit, in part because it has been in Cuba so long. At the same



Jackson and Lunt after arriving in Miami

time, the Soviet sounded a sharp warning: "I don't know where our leadership will draw the line—maybe on this issue, more likely on the next one. But they will draw it somewhere, and they will draw it soon. You will hear our leaders asking, as some of yours ask now, 'Is SALT really worth all this nonsense?' There is concern in Moscow that if the Kremlin makes any concessions on the brigade, as one Soviet put it, 'there will be a lot of crowing over how the Soviets backed down.'"

A minor diplomatic issue involving Cuba was resolved last week when Havana released four Americans from its prisons. For four years Fidel Castro had said that they would be freed if the U.S. released four Puerto Rican nationalists who were in prison for trying to assassinate President Truman and House leaders in the 1950s. Carter granted them clemency two weeks ago. Nonetheless, State Department officials denied that any deal had been made with Havana.

On arrival in Miami, one of the former prisoners in Cuba, Lawrence Lunt, 56, of Saratoga, Wyo., readily admitted that he had been spying for the CIA from his ranch in Pinar del Rio province before his arrest in 1965. Juan Tur, 62, of Tampa would only shrug his shoulders when asked by reporters for an explanation of his antigovernment activities in Cuba. The third prisoner, Everett Jackson, 39, of Los Angeles, insisted that he had been operating as a freelance journalist when he parachuted from a plane into Cuba in an attempt to photograph Soviet missile silos in 1967. Said Jackson: "I ended up at the wrong place at the wrong time." He acknowledged, however, that he had collaborated with the CIA in the past. The fourth, Puerto Rican-born Claudio Rodriguez Morales, 49, was jailed in 1966 for trying to smuggle Cubans out of the country.

Only Lunt spoke at length about his prison experiences. Looking fatigued and gaunt, he said conditions had been "very bad" during the early years. He was held at Havana's La Cabaña prison, where scores of prisoners were shot every month. Later he was transferred to the notorious Isle of Pines, where he said a guard bayoneted him in the stomach while he was working in a rock quarry.

Of the four, only Everett Jackson was not overjoyed at being free. Said he: "I was deported. I refused to be exchanged for any citizen who made an armed attack on the U.S. President." The release was a minor diplomatic milestone: the four were the last U.S. citizens without any claim to dual nationality being held in Cuban prisons on political charges.

Not Yes Men

The House votes no after no

Jimmy Carter's 19% approval rating in the polls may be a record low for a President, but Congress is doing even worse. An Associated Press-NBC News survey found that only 13% of the public has esteem for the Legislative Branch. Last week the House—with some help from the President—gave a solid demonstration of why it rates so badly.

The first fumble concerned the budget for fiscal 1980, which begins next Monday. Two weeks ago, Senate hawks wrung a promise from Carter to support an additional 3% increase, after allowing for inflation, in the defense budget for next year. This would mean a Pentagon budget of \$130.6 billion in fiscal 1980.

Not surprisingly, House hawks figured that Carter's promise also extended to their efforts to boost the military budget. They therefore asked the Defense Department for help in lobbying for the increase, and were angered when the military refused, on orders from the White House. Carter advisers explained that Democratic congressional leaders had asked the Executive Branch to stay out of the budget fight in the House. The leaders figured that the bill to be voted on last week contained all the money for the military that liberals would accept; lobbying by the Administration for anything more might cause liberals to vote against the bill. Said Majority Leader Jim Wright: "We can go only so far without alienating people. If spending is too big on domestic programs, you lose. If it's too big in military affairs, you lose. You've got to have a balance."

But the leaders had not found it. Complaining that they had been doublecrossed by the Administration, the hawks voted against the bill, contributing to its defeat, 213 to 192. This week House Speaker Tip O'Neill and fellow Democratic leaders will try to find a compromise: now that the conservatives have let off steam, the chances of doing so seem good.

In a second unexpected rebellion, the House refused to pass legislation that would begin carrying out the Panama Canal treaties, which require that the waterway be turned over to Panama in 2000. Until that date, the pacts stipulate that the canal be administered by a U.S. Government commission. The Administration wanted the commission to be largely autonomous. But conservatives in the House have insisted on nearly complete Government control, chiefly by using annual congressional appropriations to finance the commission's operating costs.

When the fight reached the floor of the House, conservatives managed to round up enough support to defeat the bill, 203 to 192. Several Congressmen blamed the beating on poor Administration lobbying. House and Senate leaders now must redraft a compromise bill, which is expected to be voted on this week.



House Speaker Tip O'Neill

A rebellion among the hawks.

In a pointless display of pique, the House voted, 215 to 200, against raising the ceiling on the national debt by nearly \$100 billion, to \$929 billion. The rejection underscored the anger of many Congressmen over the Administration's budget and economic policies. But the defeat was more symbolic than real. When the House votes on the bill a second time, it is expected to pass. The alternative would be unthinkable even to conservatives: the Government would have to stop borrowing within a few weeks.

Congress took one pratfall last week for which it had only itself to blame. At issue was a 7% pay hike that would increase Congressmen's salaries to \$61,525 a year. The House first passed the measure, 156 to 64, using a parliamentary procedure that kept individual members' votes from being recorded, thus preventing constituents back home from learning which Congressmen supported the raise and which ones opposed it. Later, pay-raise opponents forced a roll call, which required that a record be made of how each member voted. Asked Republican Representative Gerald Solomon of New York: "Does anyone in the House believe that we collectively deserve a raise?" Many members obviously did from the earlier vote, but not enough were willing to say so in public; the raise was thumbed down twice.

At a dinner for Democratic Congressmen late in the week, Carter vented his frustration with the House, particularly over its rejection of the canal bill. He warned that campaign help, patronage appointments and even White House dinner invitations would henceforth go only to members who back his policies. Said the President: "We keep your voting records in my desk drawer in the Oval Office. We believe in rewarding our friends and punishing our enemies." That may or may not influence Congress.

Air Scares

Tail cone falls, flaps break

A sound like an explosion, a roar of wind—and horrified passengers stare at a circular 5-ft. hole in the rear of their Air Canada DC-9, 25,000 ft. above the Atlantic. An American Airlines 707 loses a wing flap, which breaks into five pieces, two weighing more than 300 lbs., over the Chicago suburb of Palatine. Another American 707 sheds the 11-in. by 13-ft. tip of a wing flap over San Francisco Bay. And federal investigators report that basic pilot errors committed by Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson caused his Cessna Citation I jet to crash at Akron-Canton airport on Aug. 2, killing Munson and injuring two passengers.

Those revelations last week gave the flying public another case of jitters. For the second time in four months, mechanics were searching for tiny fatigue cracks in another McDonnell Douglas aircraft, this time the DC-9. Unlike the Federal Aviation Administration's hunt for engine-pylon-mount fractures that followed the crash of a DC-10 near Chicago's O'Hare field in May, the agency this time saw no need to ground the DC-9 fleet.

The Air Canada incident could easily have turned into a tragedy. Flight 680, with 43 people aboard, was 60 miles out of Boston's Logan Airport on its way to Nova Scotia and had just reached its cruising altitude of 25,000 ft. when, as Passenger Betty Martin recalled, "We heard what sounded like a bomb. You could see the sky. We were all praying."

With the air pressure that had built up in the cabin and cockpit as the plane climbed, the aft bulkhead buckled, apparently because of an almost invisible 12-



The DC-9 after landing at Logan

"You could see the sky."

Nation

in crack. The sudden decompression blew off the entire nonpressurized tail cone—a 10-ft.-long metal shell serving mainly to streamline the fuselage.

No one was killed, only because no one was in the lavatories at the rear of the plane or near the gaping hole. Pilot George Gill skillfully edged the crippled craft to a safe landing at Logan, even though he lacked full power in the right engine, apparently because a buckle securing control cables along the fuselage had broken loose.

The aft bulkhead problem was not a new one for the DC-9. McDonnell Douglas warned airlines three years ago that fatigue cracks had shown up in some early models of the plane. The manufacturers advised airlines to inspect the bulkheads more frequently or reinforce all of these early-model DC-9s with "doubler" pieces. Air Canada had increased its inspections, but its mechanics overlooked the crack in the Boston plane until they re-examined old X rays of the bulkhead after the accident. Last week the FAA ordered U.S. carriers to make a special inspection of their DC-9s.

Both the FAA and the Boeing Co. reacted more cautiously to the 707 incidents. Reason: no one knew what caused the planes' flaps to rupture. While federal investigators looked for answers, the manufacturer maintained that there was no cause for concern, even though the five chunks of heavy metal that fell on Palatine narrowly missed hitting a school.

The Munson accident raised a different kind of question: Is the FAA system for testing private pilots stringent enough? While the report on the accident has not yet been released, federal investigators unofficially cited mistakes by Munson as the probable cause. Munson had let his \$12 million jet settle below the proper glide path, failed to extend the wing flaps for better lift and control and then, in trying to correct his dangerously low approach, had applied engine power too slowly.

Munson had received his private-pilot's license on June 11, 1978, and then in 13 months was certified by FAA examiners as qualified to pilot multiengine planes, fly under instrument conditions and handle jets. Insisted FAA Spokesman Fred Farrar: "The implication that somehow Munson got his license and ratings in an indecent hurry just isn't valid. This isn't too fast." As a ballplayer, Munson was able to spend much more time than most other private pilots in learning to fly. He had logged 516 hr. in the air, 303 of them as pilot in command.

Daniel Graham, the Wichita examiner who certified Munson to fly the Citation, insisted that the Yankee catcher was "fully qualified." Contended FAA's Farrar: "There's no system man can devise that can guarantee that somebody won't make a mistake."



A platform being built for the Pope's Mass in front of Washington's Museum of Natural History

Preparing for the Pope

Prayers, platforms and problems with the law

At the Catholic bishop's residence in Des Moines, two-member teams of parishioners, fortified by hot tea and sandwiches served by nuns, prayed day and night that Pope John Paul II's visit to the U.S. next week will be a success. In Washington's National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, aspirants auditioned one by one for coveted roles: to be lay readers at the Mass that will be celebrated by the Pontiff on the Washington Mall. In Chicago, city and archdiocesan officials had a more earthly concern: whether the roof of an underground parking garage would collapse under the weight of viewers when an estimated 1.5 million people crowd Grant Park for the Pope's Mass. To show that the roof was safe, an engineering firm piled 430 tons of cinder blocks on it last week.

These were all part of the preparations for Pope John Paul's historic, seven-day American tour, which will begin with his arrival in Boston next Monday. He will celebrate Mass at each major stop—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Des Moines, Chicago and Washington—and visit St. Patrick's Church in the tiny farm town of Cumming, Iowa. Along the way, John Paul will address seminars and school students, visit with cardinals and civic dignitaries and attend a huge reception on the White House lawn that threatens to turn into a political rally: the President's invited guests include several thousand Catholic Carter supporters.

Besides logistical problems, officials in Boston, Philadelphia and Washington had to contend with lawsuits brought by civil libertarians, abortion advocates and atheists, including Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who won the Supreme Court ruling in 1963 that banned prayer from public schools. Opponents argued that public spending on the platforms constructed for the Pope's Masses, or even the use of public land, would violate the Constitution's separation of church and state. Com-

plained Boston Plaintiff Bill Baird: "What do you think would happen if the Ayatollah Khomeini were coming to Boston Common to conduct a Muslim service? Do you think there would be a rush to provide \$2 million in public funds for that?"

His logic was lost on Mayor Kevin White, who is Catholic and represents a city that is 75% Catholic. Said White: "Boston is an international city. This isn't Toledo." Although the archdiocese is now footing the \$160,000 bill for the altar and platform on Boston Common, the nine-member city council, which is unanimously Catholic, has appropriated \$750,000 for the ceremony, including the cost of security, traffic and crowd control. Insisted Ways and Means Committee Chairman Frederick Langone: "This is not a church function. It is a visit from a head of state."

In Philadelphia, a similar suit brought by the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union proved so unpopular that former Ambassador Walter Annenberg donated \$50,000 to help pay for the platform on Logan Circle for the Pope's Mass. Members of local construction unions offered to do the work free. The judge came up with a solution: a hearing on the suit was put off until Oct. 9, five days after the Pope leaves town.

Last week Vatican sources disclosed that the Pope will make history again, probably in November, when he calls the 131-member College of Cardinals into an extraordinary session in Rome. In recent years the college has been convened only to elect a new Pope. Vatican watchers speculate that John Paul plans to revive the college as a consultative body, thus restoring some of the power it has lost over the centuries. Says one papal observer: "This is a revolutionary move, establishing his cardinals as real counselors. He will bring them in from all over the world to hear them out on what is wrong with the church."

The Straw That Broke ...

Mysterious art deals and a \$14.5 million bankruptcy

A year ago, Steven Straw was a boy wonder of the art dealers' world. At 26, he owned a highly successful gallery in Newburyport, Mass., full of Oriental rugs, antiques and such masters as Degas, de Kooning and O'Keeffe. He flew around the country in his private Cessna 414 putting together six-figure art deals. To match potential buyers with his latest acquisitions, he installed a sophisticated computer system in the 172-year-old building that housed his gallery. He hired his own broker, trained by Merrill Lynch, to handle his sideline interest in commodities and foreign-currency trading. Said one of his admiring associates: "When I looked into his eyes, I saw a gentleman and a sensitive soul."

Today the sensitive soul's empire is in ruins. After a New York dealer launched a suit against him, Straw suddenly filed for both personal and corporate bankruptcy. Against \$1.7 million in assets, he listed a staggering \$16.2 million in debts. He left at least 97 stunned creditors. Among them: the Petersen Galleries of Beverly Hills, whose claim of a \$7 million loss was the single largest; art dealers in places as far-flung as San Francisco, Cincinnati and Signal Mountain, Tenn.; the Internal Revenue Service and Western Union Telegraph Co. Straw allegedly sold paintings that he did not own—and some that did not even exist. He staved off creditors with partial payments and bouncing checks. The case, now being investigated by the FBI, is one of the most sensational scandals ever to hit the secretive world of big-time art collecting. Says Ralph Colin, administrative vice president of the Art Dealers Association of America: "I'm as astonished as the rest of the world that anyone could run up \$16 million in credit."

The son of a successful and reputable New Hampshire art auctioneer, Straw bought his first painting for \$75 when he was 14, and at 22 opened his first gallery, in Newburyport. He was already well connected with regional dealers and collectors, and his business prospered. A slim, impeccably dressed young man, he went to church every Sunday and always paid his bills on time. His obvious expertise inspired confidence. So did his gallery's handsomely printed brochures. Says one of Straw's creditors: "The art business is filled with horse-trading. Steve had the ability to horse-trade and maneuver, but he never overstepped the line of integrity. We enjoyed a lot of good years together with never a hint of trouble."

Straw's troubles emerged last June, when A. Richard Benedek, a private New York dealer, filed a complaint against Straw in the Superior Court of Essex County, Mass. The two had been doing business together since 1975, and everything had apparently gone smoothly. According to the affidavit filed by Benedek,

he had invested heavily in three separate partnership deals arranged by Straw. One was to purchase a collection of antique furniture. The second was to buy eleven paintings that included a Mary Cassatt and a Winslow Homer. The third involved a spectacular \$15 million group of 31 old masters and French impressionists, including a Rembrandt, a Titian, two Renoirs and three rare Seurats. Benedek said he put up \$1.5 million for a half share in the first two deals and more than \$1.8 million for a smaller share in the third, both paid partly in cash and partly in credits.

Straw, Benedek claims, subsequently told him that 17 of the 22 pieces of furniture had been sold, but Benedek was never paid his half share of the proceeds. And although Straw had told Benedek that he had a buyer lined up to pay \$19 million for the \$15 million group of old masters, no payment appeared from that deal either. Benedek became suspicious and, he claims, asked Straw for proof of purchase and sale. Straw did not furnish it. He wrote Benedek two checks totaling \$655,000; both bounced. Then he wrote three promissory notes to cover his debts

and, according to Benedek, defaulted on all but a fraction of them. Most of the furniture collection, Benedek discovered later from a newspaper article in the *Maine Antique Digest*, corresponded to one auctioned off by Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York; Straw had never owned it. None of the old masters is listed in the gallery's inventory.

No one yet knows the extent of Straw's maneuvers, largely because other dealers, perhaps fearful of disclosing their losses, have not filed court actions. But what has emerged so far seems to point to a confidence game played in a market where thousands ride on a handshake and a reliable reputation. Says Robert Petersen of the Petersen Galleries: "I was told that Straw's father was famous and that Steven Straw knew all the important people. We looked on him as a key source."

What happened to the missing millions? Straw will not comment on the case, but there is speculation that he lost money in commodities futures and foreign-currency trading, and that his penchant for the grand gesture drove him into debt. Once, according to one disgruntled creditor, Straw rented a jet to deliver a check: it bounced. Authorities say Straw may face charges of mail fraud, wire fraud and bankruptcy fraud. But in the meantime, his bankruptcy has left the art world's faith in itself considerably shaken.



Steven Straw's gallery in Old Newburyport, Mass.; inset: Owner Straw

"When I looked into his eyes, I saw a gentleman and a sensitive soul."

World



In Kumar province, Muslim rebels warn government troops that "Allah will punish you" for fighting on the Soviet side

AFGHANISTAN

Murder in the Mountains

A bloody coup rattles a shaky, strife-torn Soviet satellite

Gunshots echoed through the granite halls of Kabul's People's House, punctuating a fresh installment in Afghanistan's long history of violence and political intrigue. When the shootout was over, some 60 people lay dead, including, apparently, President Noor Mohammed Taraki. The new leader of the strife-torn country was Hafizullah Amin, 50, most recently President Taraki's Prime Minister. Within

hours, workers in the mile-high capital had stripped hundreds of outside portraits of Taraki from the facades of state office buildings. Many of the red-bordered images of Afghanistan's "Great Leader" had been put up only two weeks ago, to mark his triumphal return from the nonaligned conference in Havana.

Amin's accession is unlikely to bring much peace to the ancient mountain kingdom. Afghanistan has been in continuous turmoil since Taraki came to power, in April 1978, following a coup in which former President Mohammed Daoud was gunned down in Arg Palace. Taraki's Marxist Khalq (masses) Party promptly launched a radical program of social reform and land redistribution. The policy met with violent resistance from the country's Islamic tribesmen, who make up some 85% of Afghanistan's 17 million people. Loyal to their old feudal leaders and enraged by the new, "godless" regime in Kabul, Muslim guerrillas launched a civil war that has kept the Soviet-backed Khalq government tottering on the brink of collapse ever since. Western diplomats in Kabul estimate that the rebels control 22 of the country's 28 provinces.

Taraki's end came suddenly, in the best Afghan tradition. On Sept. 14 he was warned by four loyal government officials that Amin was plotting his overthrow. Taraki heeded the warning but ignored the first rule of Afghan politics: kill the adversary immediately. Instead, he invited

his rival to a Friday afternoon conference at People's House, possibly intending to arrest him. But Amin came to the rendezvous armed with a pistol and the knowledge that Taraki's personal bodyguard, Major Sayed Daoud Taron, had changed masters. It is not known how the shootout started, but when the smoke cleared an hour later, Amin was in control of the palace and the traitor Taron and dozens of others were dead. On Sun-



Victor: New President Hafizullah Amin
"The reincarnation of Joseph Stalin."



Vanquished: Former President Taraki
"Great Leader's" end came suddenly.

day the Revolutionary Council announced that Taraki had resigned on "health grounds" and reassigned his posts to Amin. At week's end, the Kabul government still had not confirmed Taraki's death, but, considering Afghanistan's tradition of violent political change, it was hard to imagine that he was still alive.

A former education student at Columbia University, Amin tried to project a statesmanlike image in his first national radio and television address. In an apparent reference to Taraki, Amin rejected "one-person rule" and announced that certain enemies of the people had been "eliminated." He promised to introduce the principle of habeas corpus, to guarantee complete religious freedom, and to reduce frictions with neighboring Iran and Pakistan, which harbors some 185,000 antigovernment Afghan refugees.

But the President's new, democratic guise is blatantly at odds with his previous words and deeds. He is generally regarded as the architect of the Taraki government's most repressive measures, including the execution of at least 2,000 political prisoners, the imprisonment of 30,000 others, and countless "gross violations of human rights" that were cited last week in a report issued by Amnesty International. Says one longtime Kabul resident: "Amin is the reincarnation of Joseph Stalin."

In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent David DeVoss shortly before the coup, Amin came on like the ruthless strongman he is reputed to be, declaring that "change must be brought quickly while the counterrevolutionaries and imperialists are too weak to prevent it." Asked how the Kabul government could claim to have the loyalty of 98% of the population when the countryside was controlled by rebels, he responded with dialectic doubletalk: "Since the leader of our party is automatically the leader of the working class, our government is supported by all the working people."

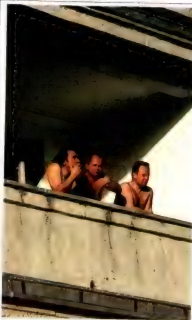
Both President Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin signed Moscow's telegram of congratulation to Amin, who is most unlikely to steer Afghanistan from its Marxist, pro-Moscow course. The Soviet leaders may be less happy with the erratic Amin than they profess. DeVoss has learned that on two occasions the Soviets advised Taraki to distance himself from Amin and reduce his power. Taraki responded by replacing Amin as Defense Minister last March. But he was unable to reduce Amin's influence with the top Khalq military officers; their support enabled him to repossess the defense portfolio in June and, presumably, to carry out his coup.

In Washington some Administration officials believe that Afghanistan may become a Viet Nam-like quagmire for the Soviets. They must soon face the critical choice of disengaging or going in with thousands more troops to prop up a tottering regime that has been unable to communize an ancient feudal society with

profound religious, geographic and ethnic divisions. Even with Soviet advisers on hand, the war against the rebels is not going well. The effectiveness of Kabul's largely conscripted 80,000-man army has been diminished by a string of mutinies and defections: since the beginning of the war, 8,000 government troops are estimated to have gone over to the rebel side. With Muslim snipers and guerrillas terrorizing the countryside, Khalq governors rarely leave their provincial capitals. More than 80 of the hated Soviets have been killed so far.

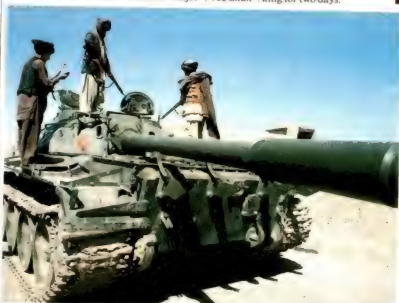
The bitterness of the civil war was illustrated last March by violent riots in Herat, where Muslim peasants and 2,000 defecting Kabul troops went on a bloody rampage, killing hundreds of Khalq officials, army soldiers and foreigners, including at least 20 Soviet advisers and their families. Kabul responded with an all-out attack by helicopter gunships and jets, leaving some 20,000 Afghans dead in the streets. Though it crushed the riot, the massive retaliation reinforced the tribesmen's conviction that the Khalq regime is an atheistic puppet of the Soviet Union. Said one unrepentant factory business manager in Herat last week: "I don't just want the Soviets to leave. I want to see them all die."

On the evidence of what he saw and heard in Afghanistan, Correspondent DeVoss concludes that the prospects for the new regime are dim at best. "If Amin's government is to survive, it must seek an accommodation with at least a few of the rebel groups. Though Kabul itself remains impervious to direct military assault, the Khalq civil government remains tissue thin. If the Khalq regime does soon come to an end, its demise will probably be attributed to the instinctive viciousness and insularity of its leaders. Another major



Soviet advisers relaxing at Kabul motel

cause will be the sheer incompetence of the Khalqs. After nearly 18 months of brutal fighting, Afghanistan is still waiting for a genuine political leader. Few people in Kabul express any confidence in the new President's ability to restore peace to their embattled country. Says one state trading company executive: "Amin's much worse than Taraki. If he is not killed within two months, I'm afraid we'll see fighting for another ten years." Other Kabul residents are less outspoken, but many assess Amin's future in the words of an old Afghan folk expression, "Barre Dur-roz Shah" king for two days.



Guerrillas prancing atop Soviet-made tank captured from Afghan army

Loyal to their old feudal leaders and enraged by the "godless" regime in Kabul.

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World



Weizman and Saunders at Washington press conference, a few days after their spat

MIDDLE EAST

A Troubled First Anniversary

One year after Camp David: "Bombing is not a policy"

The ceremony at the White House was meant to be a kind of revival meeting—a rekindling of the spirit of Camp David that led to the Egyptian-Israeli peace agreement one year ago. But even as Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Egyptian Vice President Hosni Mubarak lavished praise on President Carter for his role in forging the historic accord, a potential new obstacle to the glacial peace process arose. With exquisitely bad timing, the Cabinet of Premier Menachem Begin chose the eve of the agreement's first birthday to rescind a twelve-year prohibition against land acquisitions by Israeli citizens in the West Bank and Gaza. The change in policy, said one Carter Administration specialist in Middle East affairs, "only reinforces the arguments of those who say the Israelis are not serious about the whole autonomy process."

Both Egypt and the U.S. issued sharp public criticisms of the Cabinet decision. Speaking on the White House lawn, Mubarak denounced the policy change as a "rash" attempt to "usurp the rights of Palestinian people in their country and on their land." A day later, State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter lambasted the Israeli policy as "contrary to the spirit and intent" of the Camp David accord.

The latest flap added to a summer of strained U.S.-Israeli relations. Washington is annoyed by Israel's policy of beefing up civilian settlements in the occupied territories and by its air and artillery attacks—using U.S. equipment—on Palestinian bases in southern Lebanon. At week's end, Palestinian sources in Beirut claimed that Israel had launched an armored strike into southern Lebanon in retaliation for a terrorist bombing in Jeru-

salem that killed two Israelis and wounded 42 others. The Israeli high command denied that it had mounted any such attack. Despite the forced resignation of U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young, the Israelis fear that Washington is secretly planning to establish informal relations with Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization (see following story). The U.S.-Israeli tensions exploded at a dinner party given by Israeli Ambassador Ephraim Evron for Defense Minister Ezer Weizman two days before the White House anniversary festivities. Harold Saunders, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern affairs, was preparing to leave the party when an Israeli journalist asked him to clarify his earlier comment that the U.S. was contributing \$4.8 billion to underwrite the Israeli-Egyptian rapprochement, but neither country seemed willing to inform the U.S. of their plans for policing the transfer of the Sinai from Israel to Egypt. "Is that friendship?" Saunders had asked, a bit sarcastically.

Listening to this exchange was Weizman, who suddenly accused Washington of making Israel "the villain in the Middle East" by criticizing its attacks on purported P.L.O. targets in southern Lebanon. Those raids, Weizman claimed, had produced a three-week respite in P.L.O. attacks. Snapped Saunders: "Bombing is not a policy."

The rebuke infuriated Weizman. "Don't tell me how to do anything," he shouted, as Ambassador Evron tried to calm him down. "You are soft, you have demonstrated weakness all over the world. You lost Ethiopia, you lost Angola, you lost Iran." When Saunders said,

"I'm very sorry that you don't understand American policy," Weizman retorted, "You don't have a policy at all."

After accounts of the quarrel appeared in the press, Saunders and Weizman were all smiles at a press conference at which Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced a compromise plan for monitoring the further withdrawal of Israeli forces from the Sinai. According to the plan, U.S. intelligence planes and up to 200 civilian technicians will help Israeli and Egyptian units police the phased turnover of the vast desert area, which is supposed to be complete by 1982.

That agreement eliminated one obstacle to further progress in the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations. Nonetheless, it did not dispel Washington's worries that the lifting of the ban on private land purchases was another step toward Israel's "creeping annexation" of the West Bank and Gaza, a policy certain ultimately to undermine negotiations on autonomy for those areas. Israeli officials had a ready explanation for lifting the prohibition. As Cabinet Secretary Aryeh Naor put it: "Up to now, discrimination existed against Jews and Israelis. They could buy land all over the world, but not in Judea, Samaria and Gaza." This rationalization has a hollow ring. In fact, the restriction on private land purchases in the occupied territories was originally imposed by Jerusalem in order to channel Jewish pioneers toward Israel's quasi-military settlements on government-owned property, particularly in sensitive forward areas like the Jordan valley. Within its boundaries, only citizens of countries with which Israel is at war are banned from purchasing land within Israel's borders. In prac-



Victim of terrorist bombing in Jerusalem

Who is "the villain in the Middle East?"

World

Seeking Peace amid the Rubble

Civil rights leaders on a "divinely mandated" mission

tice, though, a Cairo businessman would have little chance to purchase a farm in Galilee. Reason: the government has deliberately retained title to 90% of Israel's acreage.

Actually the lifting of the ban on private Israeli acquisitions may not have much immediate impact on patterns of land ownership in the West Bank. Few Arab landholders are likely to sell their plots. Technically, Arab residents of the West Bank are still Jordanian citizens; they are thus subject to a Jordanian law that decrees the death penalty for any Arab who sells his land to an Israeli.

Some Egyptian officials speculated that the Cabinet move was aimed primarily at shoring up Begin's domestic political position. Last week, at a special session of the Knesset, the opposition Labor Party subjected Begin's shaky coalition government to a fierce attack, blaming the Premier for the present 80% inflation rate (up 40% in five years), a doubling of overall foreign debt since 1974 to \$13 billion and inept handling of the peace talks. Begin and his coalition allies easily bent back a resolution condemning the government for "failing to function properly" by a 48 to 26 vote.

Meanwhile, Begin's health continues to be a stormy political issue in Israel. A TIME report (Sept. 24, 1979) that doctors had recommended Begin severely restrict his workday was assailed by the Premier's office as "totally unfounded," and an apology was demanded. Begin made a rare television appearance during which he stated his doctors were "amazed" at his progress following his recent stroke. Said Begin: "Thank God I have fully recovered." He had read "many imaginary stories" in his long life, Begin said, but never one like TIME's. (TIME based its story on information from sources who had direct knowledge of Begin's health and daily activities. TIME is thoroughly rechecking all aspects of the story.) One unquestionable fact: Begin was fit and vigorous as he defended himself last week.

Begin's partner in peace, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, has no intention of breaking off the negotiations, even though some of his close advisers have suggested that if Israel's possessiveness toward the West Bank and Gaza continues, Egypt should "reassess" its strategy. One subject that might be reviewed: the exchange of ambassadors with Israel scheduled for February. Dayan hinted last week that it might take Carter's "guiding hand" to break the deadlock on the future of the occupied territory. The President startled his aides by suggesting, "If an apparently insurmountable obstacle should be confronted in the negotiating process, then I would be deeply committed to becoming personally involved again." It may be only a matter of time before all concerned are back in the Maryland mountains, trying to recapture that Camp David spirit. ■

It was a scene so implausible that reporters waiting outside the heavily guarded room nearly broke through the door to get a glimpse. In a Beirut building last week, eleven veterans of the American civil rights movement linked arms with Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat and joined in a hearty rendering of the old freedom anthem *We Shall Overcome*.

The 3½-hour meeting with Arafat was the climax of a four-day "fact-finding tour" of the Middle East by leaders of the late Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.). In the course of what the organization's president, the Rev. Joseph Lowery, called a "divinely mandated" attempt to spread the gospel of nonviolence in the area, the S.C.L.C. leaders picked through the rubble of bombed-out villages in southern Lebanon, prayed for peace with Lebanon's President Elias Sarkis, and urged both Arafat and Israel to accept a moratorium on violent attacks. The civil rights leaders clearly learned a lot about the complex politics of the area. But inevitably, their visit also enhanced the status of the P.L.O. And by arguing that the P.L.O. should be invited to join the peace talks, they undoubtedly have added to the tension between Jews and blacks in the U.S. that has existed since the resignation of Ambassador to the United Nations Andrew Young.

Shortly after Young's firing, Arafat invited Lowery and his principal aides to come to Lebanon. A similar invitation was extended to the Rev. Jesse Jackson, president of People United to Save Hu-

manity (PUSH), who expects to visit the area this week. The wily guerrilla leader clearly expected that the P.L.O. cause would benefit from the S.C.L.C. delegation's support for the creation of a Palestinian homeland and from its visits to villages and refugee camps in southern Lebanon that Israel had destroyed in retaliation for terrorist attacks.

Moreover, Arafat hoped to demonstrate that the U.S. was in part responsible for the deaths of many Lebanese and Palestinian civilians killed in the Israeli counterattacks. Thus the P.L.O. guides who escorted the civil rights leaders on a daylong inspection of camps and towns near the Israeli border repeatedly stressed that the widespread devastation had been wrought with weapons "paid for with U.S. tax dollars." Seeing the American equipment, said the Rev. Walter Fauntroy, an S.C.L.C. official who is also the District of Columbia's nonvoting representative in Congress, was "shocking and disturbing. We just hope that on our return the American people will be moved to limit the instruments of war that will be provided to the nation of Israel."

At times the group displayed a startling naïveté. After meeting with the military commanders of the Lebanese Muslims and their P.L.O. allies, Fauntroy declared that they "considered themselves men of peace. We have no reason to think they are opposed to nonviolence." That must have come as a surprise to most Lebanese, who have witnessed the Muslims and their Israeli-supported Christian foes slaughter each other by the thousands.

Capping the tour was the group's ses-

Arafat welcoming Fauntroy, Lowery (seated at left) and other S.C.L.C. leaders in Beirut



sion with Arafat. After hugging and kissing members of the delegation, Arafat denounced Israel's "scorched earth policy" and vowed that the Palestinians were not "red Indians" who could be annihilated by Israeli attacks. He promised to discuss the moratorium on new attacks with his executive council.

Lowery had hoped to take the group on to Israel after meeting with the Palestinians. But he canceled that part of the tour after Premier Menachem Begin decided to snub the visiting civil rights leaders. The Premier not only refused to set up a meeting with the S.C.L.C. group but also prohibited Israeli officials from meeting with Jackson when he visits the country. "We don't really think it would be helpful if any additional parties—whether the European Community or the American black community or any other party—would try to mediate between us and the Arabs," Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan explained. Some Israeli officials privately thought the rebuff of the touring blacks was ill advised. Said a foreign ministry aide: "It will only help Jackson to make the point that Israelis don't talk to anybody, meaning the P.L.O., and that Israelis won't talk to him because he is black, which is a lot of nonsense. Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek announced that he would be happy to receive the globe-trotting 'country preacher.'"

In pledging their support for a Palestinian homeland, the S.C.L.C. leaders were careful to add that they also supported the existence of Israel as a homeland for Jews. That qualifier is unlikely to allay whatever doubts American Jewish leaders may have about the civil rights leaders' impartiality. In Beirut, Lowery announced that the S.C.L.C. would hold a series of seminars in ten American cities on problems in the Middle East and Africa. Arafat, he added, would be invited to address the first meeting, which will probably be held in New York City. ■

Fauntroy inspects U.S.-made shell fragment



IRAN

Forced March Backward

On the treacherous road to an Islamic theocracy

"We will wipe them out! The nation voted for the Islamic republic and everyone should obey. If you do not obey, you will be annihilated."

So said the Ayatullah Khomeini last week, fuming against secular opponents who might stand in his way. The blunt warning, delivered to a visiting delegation of air force officers at his headquarters in the holy city of Qum, erased any lingering doubts about where the Ayatullah is determined to carry the Iranian revolution. He has embarked on a forced march backward to fundamentalist Islamic theocracy.

Having already banned alcohol and pop music broadcasts, cracked down on prostitution and drugs, and closed or muzzled 40 publications in Iran, Khomeini showed no sign of letting up on his systematic campaign to cleanse the country of the "filth" of foreign influence. "There is no room for play in Islam. It is dead serious about everything," he declared earlier to a gathering of supporters at Qum's Madresh Faizieh Islamic academy. "We want *mujaheds* [crusaders], not drunken revelers."

Khomeini's plans for the constitutional justification of his religious regime also continued apace. An elected 70-member Assembly of Experts has been slowly poring over a new draft constitution that would codify the religious transformation of Iranian life and bestow overwhelming power on the country's religious leaders. Though it has passed only 23 of 151 proposed articles so far, the Assembly approved the most pivotal provision: Article 5, which would lay the legal ground for the establishment of a Shi'ite Muslim theocracy. Specifically, the article upholds the principle of *Velayat-e-faqih*, the theologians' right to rule, and gives supreme political as well as spiritual authority to a "virtuous, brave, judicious and administratively skilled theologian who is abreast of the times and is accepted and recognized as leader by a majority of the people." No one had to ask who that theologian might be.

Other articles of the draft constitution, which is virtually certain to be adopted by popular referendum after the Assembly of Experts is finished scrutinizing it, are intended to Islamize all aspects of social life. Article 22, for example, would make Arabic, the language of the Koran, compulsory in all secondary schools. "All traces of secularism will be removed from the draft constitution," says a member of Khomeini's secretive Islamic Revolutionary Council. "We cannot do otherwise without violating our popular mandate."

Secular opposition to the new constitution has been feeble and ineffective. A small group of dissenting Experts dis-



Khomeini wields the Koran on a poster Obey, or be annihilated

creetly supported outside the Assembly by Seyed Kazem Shariatmadari—after Khomeini, the second most popular Ayatullah in Iran—gingerly tried to revise Article 5 on legal grounds in order to ensure the sovereignty of the electorate; the Assembly majority ignored the plea. In the country at large, however, Asian and Western diplomats believe they discern more significant pockets of brewing resistance.

For one thing, suspicion and distrust continue to grow between Khomeini's dominant Revolutionary Council and the upstart government, which Premier Mehdi Bazargan complained had already been reduced to "a knife without a blade." For another, many trained technicians who are charged with managing the day-to-day affairs of the troubled country are becoming increasingly disaffected with the meddlesome clergy. "One of these days, when there is a nationwide power failure, we shall ask the mullahs to fix the grid," says one electrical engineer sarcastically.

More important still, some senior civil servants fear that with unemployment estimated at 20% and inflation reaching 60%, economic discontent could eventually provoke serious unrest in the highly politicized labor force of 11 million. "Despite their own strong religious attachment, the millions of low-income Iranians who gave the revolution most of its martyrs expect a better life as well," one official observed. "There is bound to be trouble if it does not materialize." ■

World



Ian Smith listens as Muzorewa (back to camera) addresses Salisbury's delegation in London

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Edging Toward Each Other

With less power for whites

Failure is now out of the question," said Salisbury's jubilant Foreign Minister David Muzorewa as the second week of talks over the future of Zimbabwe Rhodesia came to a close at London's Lancaster House. Other members of the conference were more restrained in their optimism. Still, progress had been made. By a vote of 11 to 1 (former Prime Minister Ian Smith was the lone dissenter), Bishop Abel Muzorewa's delegation accepted a British proposal for a new Zimbabwe Rhodesian constitution, on one condition: that Britain end economic sanctions against its breakaway foreign colony.

The vote was a significant breakthrough for Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and his fellow British negotiators. Muzorewa had come to London vowing not to surrender the guarantees of white political control that he and two other black leaders had accepted as an essential part of last year's "internal settlement" with Smith. The Bishop then agreed to a British proposal calling for the reduction of white seats in the 100-member Parliament from 28 to 20 and the elimination of the blocking mechanism, under which whites can veto constitutional changes for the next ten years. Smith, the leader of the country's 220,000 minority whites and a man who as Prime Minister had once vowed to resist majority rule "for a thousand years," found himself isolated even among his fellow white delegates. They reluctantly consented to the terms of the British proposal.

Lord Carrington still faces the problem of selling the British proposal to Pa-

triotic Front Co-Leaders Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, who control 20,000 armed guerrillas inside Zimbabwe Rhodesia. At week's end, the Front leaders had refused to say whether they would accept any safeguards for the white minority. Indeed, one guerrilla spokesman was sharply branded Muzorewa's acceptance of the British plan as "an agreement between a master and puppet." Nkomo, however, did suggest that whites might be assured of some parliamentary seats if electoral boundaries were redrawn.

Once Muzorewa had accepted the constitutional changes, the Patriotic Front offered a proposal for power sharing and the organization of security forces during the transitional period before new elections. Nkomo and Mugabe suggested an eight-man transitional governing council, composed of four guerrilla representatives plus four other members representing Britain and the present Salisbury government, with the British member acting as chairman. They also called for a joint Patriotic Front-Salisbury "transitional defense committee" to oversee the country's security force, and suggested a U.N. peacekeeping mission instead of the Commonwealth force favored by Carrington and Muzorewa.

The Bishop expressed "strong reservations" about the transition plan. Whitehall saw it as a "step forward," but objected to the fact that the proposed eight-man council would give the Patriotic Front a share in government before it had earned one in elections. As for the composition of a new Zimbabwe Rhodesian security force, the British view was that this matter should be resolved after new elections, and not before. Meanwhile, even as the talks went on in London, the brutal civil war claimed additional victims: two Salisbury M.P.s—one black, the other white—died at the hands of Patriotic Front guerrillas.

AFRICA

Three Down

Another tyrant falls

In his humid, upriver capital of Bangui two years ago, former French colonial army Captain Jean-Bédel Bokassa donned an ermine robe and mounted a giant eagle-shaped throne. As 3,500 formally attired guests looked on, he crowned himself Bokassa I, unchallenged Emperor of a landlocked, poverty-stricken country that he renamed the Central African Empire (pop. 2 million). At a cost of \$20 million, it was the most extravagant coronation since that of Napoleon, Bokassa's idol. Then the new Emperor intensified an already psychotic reign of terror, which included the mass murder last April of 100 youths who refused to wear school uniforms.

The empire was mercifully short-lived. While Bokassa was away in Libya last week, he was deposed in a bloodless, midnight coup by former President David Dacko, himself overthrown by Bokassa in 1966. The downfall of the "Butcher of Bangui" gave Africa something to cheer about: the continent is now rid of its three most notorious dictators. In April, Field Marshal Idi Amin Dada was driven from Uganda by rebels and invading Tanzanian troops. Last month the equally despised President-for-Life of tiny Equatorial Guinea, Francisco Macias Nguema, was booted by a military coup.

In a radio broadcast, Dacko, 49, a former schoolteacher who was the first President of the former French colony after independence in 1960, proclaimed the country the Central African Republic again and promised to "return sovereignty to the people." At week's end French troops flew to Bangui to maintain order and perhaps to make sure Bokassa does not return from exile.



Emperor Bokassa I on his throne in 1977

Africa had something to cheer about.

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A man with dark hair, wearing a red and black plaid shirt, is shown from the chest up. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand and looking upwards and to the left with a slight smile. The background is a warm, orange-hued sunset sky with silhouettes of evergreen trees on the right. In the bottom right corner, there is a pack of Winston cigarettes and a crumpled piece of paper.

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World

SWEDEN

A Vote for Instability

Palme's last hurrah?

After nearly a half-century of solid government, the placid, proudly enlightened Swedes are about as eager for political instability as they are for, well, chaperoned dating. Last week, however, the country was preparing for a long winter of insecure government, following an election that reconfirmed the nonsocialist parliamentary majority by a single seat and that may have ended the career of Sweden's most dynamic politician, former Social Democratic Premier Olof Palme.

The election was so close it took three days of counting the 5,322,688 votes to determine who had won. Finally, on the strength of mailed-in ballots, a grouping of Conservative, Center and Liberal parties emerged with a 5,000-vote margin and 175 seats in the 349-member Riksdag (parliament). The leftist opposition alliance had 174 seats—154 for the Social Democrats, still the country's biggest single party, and 20 for the Communists.

"I see no future for a parliament with such a tiny majority," scoffed Palme, who might have added that his own future appeared to be even more questionable. Ousted from office in 1976 when tax-weary Swedes overturned 44 years of uninterrupted Social Democratic rule, the former Premier has now suffered his second defeat at the polls. Although he insisted he would not step down voluntarily "like a deserter," Palme acknowledged that

"my position as party leader is now open for disposal."

For the winners, the problem of forming a government with a single-vote majority was compounded by the fact that the three non-socialist parties are deeply divided on the country's two main political issues: nuclear



Ex-Premier Palme

energy and taxes. The Conservatives support further construction of nuclear reactors, which the Center Party and half of the Liberal Party oppose. All three parties want to reduce Sweden's exorbitant income taxes, but cannot agree on how else to pay for Western Europe's most expensive welfare state. The most likely prospect seemed to be either another feeble minority government led by Premier Ola Ullsten, head of the Liberal Party, or a wobbly Center-Liberal coalition. But the betting was that neither could last much beyond next March, when a scheduled national referendum on nuclear energy might break the country's political stalemate wide open again. ■



The Strelczyk family aboard the hot-air balloon that brought them to West Germany

LAST WEEK

The Great Balloon Escape

A dream of freedom was not just hot air

A searchlights swept menacingly over the heavily guarded border between East and West Germany, a ragged patchwork balloon, traveling at a leisurely 10 to 15 knots, floated across the wall of fortifications, minefields, self-firing explosives and guard towers. Minutes later, the bizarre craft crash-landed on West German soil. East Germans were aboard Mechanic Hans Peter Strelczyk, Bricklayer Günter Weizel, their wives and four children. Once again human ingenuity and the will to freedom had prevailed over Communist East Germany's determination to immure its citizens behind the most formidable frontier in history.

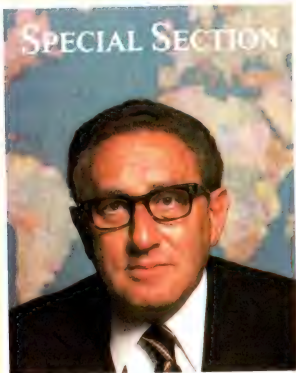
Ironically, the dramatic escape had been inspired by an East German television program on the history of ballooning. A onetime aircraft mechanic who had long been looking for a way to escape from his homeland, Strelczyk immediately set out to build a hot-air balloon in accordance with the principles established by France's pioneering Montgolfier brothers in the 1780s. Strelczyk and his friend Weizel built a cast-iron platform with posts at the corners for handholds and rope anchors. Four propane cooking-gas cylinders were fastened to the center. Their wives stitched up a balloon, 72 ft in diameter, out of 60 different pieces of canvas and bedsheets, which the families had bought in small amounts in different shops to allay suspicion.

On July 4, the Strelczyks and the Weizels made their way under cover of darkness to a meadow 25 miles from the border. That first escape attempt aborted the winds were wrong, the gas ran out, and they landed undetected, a few hundred yards short of the frontier. Last weekend

they tried again. This time the craft lifted off with ease, picking up a breeze that wafted them toward the border. The balloon, which soared as high as 8,000 ft., began to lose altitude as it neared the border. A searchlight picked out the balloon for a terrifying moment as it crossed the border at about 6,000 ft., but then moved on. At 100 ft., Strelczyk made out a piece of farm machinery in the gloom below. "I thought we were in the West then because it was a modern machine—unlike anything we have in the East." When the gas gave out at 15 ft., the balloon fell to earth in a blackberry thicket. The entire flight had taken 30 minutes.

The escapees were instant celebrities throughout West Germany. "What they did with what they had was fantastic," declared West Germany's champion balloonist, Arno Steger. "It was like crossing the Atlantic in a raft." Museums vied with one another to exhibit the balloon. Residents of the Bavarian town of Naila, near the landing site, offered food, money, clothes, apartments and jobs.

The flight of the two families was only the most recent of several heroic attempts by East Germans to cross the hated Wall. In June an East Berlin engineer, while piloting a glider, suddenly changed course and rode thermal currents across to the West. In August a Dresden family stole a plane; though none of them had ever flown before, they managed to steer the craft across the border to a safe crash landing. Earlier this month, a driver assigned to U.S. Ambassador to East Germany David Bolen hid his family in the trunk of the envoy's official car, drove un-inspected through "Checkpoint Charlie" and got political asylum in West Berlin. ■



KISSINGER

WHITE HOUSE YEARS

In office he always seemed to be at center stage: the brilliant foreign affairs analyst who never shrank from controversy, the peripatetic statesman who was forever soaring off to distant capitals on secret missions that, when revealed, sent seismic shocks through chancelleries around the world. Even out of power, he remains the subject of intense interest: heads of state seek his counsel, his support on issues is solicited, he is deferred to—even feared—as if he still strode the corridors of the White House and State Department.

During his eight years as Richard Nixon's Assistant for National Security Affairs and as Secretary of State to Nixon and Gerald Ford, he helped cast to a remarkable degree the policies, goals and international achievements of the Presidents he served. From the moment he left the Government, it was clear his memoirs could offer an extraordinary look at those turbulent times. Now, Henry Kissinger has completed the first volume of those memoirs, and the work is as discerning, engaging and in ways as controversial as the man himself.

TIME will excerpt *White House Years* (Little, Brown; \$22.50) in three parts, beginning on the following pages and continuing for the next two weeks. The book covers a stormy period: from November 1968, when President-elect Nixon began assembling his team, to January 1973, when Kissinger concluded the Viet Nam negotiations that were to win him a Nobel Peace Prize. (The second volume, in preparation now, covers the four years ending in January 1977.) Kissinger's work is much concerned with the calculus of power: when and how it should be applied or withheld; how it affects a nation's conduct; how it must be in-

terwoven with concepts not only of national interest but of national honor. The book offers an unparalleled inside account of the high-stakes bureaucratic battles to control policy and of the forging of new relationships with old enemies. It shows how momentous events are swayed by the personalities of those engaged in them, with the personalities themselves profiled in shrewd, telling vignettes.

In this week's excerpts Kissinger describes his unexpected initial summons by Nixon, how the new President's distrust of the State Department led to secret missions to Peking and Moscow, and the subtle nuances of conducting simultaneous summits with the Soviets and Chinese. Included is a section remarkably *à propos* today: what the U.S. did when the Soviets tried to build a nuclear submarine base in Cuba in 1970.

The entire second excerpt concerns what Kissinger calls "the agony of Viet Nam": the unannounced bombing of Cambodia and the attack on the sanctuaries there; the secret negotiations in Paris; how the premature "peace is at hand" statement came to be made; the Christmas bombing; the turmoil caused by antiwar protesters in the U.S.; and the peace agreement.

In the final week Kissinger writes of the near confrontation between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. over a crisis in Jordan; the reason for Nixon's famed "tilt" toward Pakistan in its 1971 war with India; and a secret decision to give major aid to Peking if the Soviets threatened China. Throughout all three parts (which, of course, represent only a fraction of the full, 1,521-page book), Kissinger offers unusual insights into that remarkable figure, Richard Nixon, "this withdrawn, lonely and tormented man."

SUMMONS TO POWER

The Inauguration took place on a cold and windy day. I sat just behind the new Cabinet and watched Lyndon Johnson stride down the aisle for the last time to the tune of *Hail to the Chief*. Johnson stood like a caged eagle, proud, dignified, never to be trifled with, his eyes fixed on distant heights that now he would never reach. There was another fanfare and President-elect Richard Nixon appeared. His jaw jutted defiantly and yet he seemed uncertain, as if unsure that he was really there. He seemed exultant. Yet he also appeared spent, like a marathon runner who has exhausted himself in a great race. As ever, it was difficult to tell whether it was the occasion or his previous image of it that Nixon actually enjoyed.

My own feeling of surprise at being there was palpable. All my political experience had been in the company of those who considered themselves in mortal opposition to Richard Nixon. I had taught for over ten years at Harvard University, where among the faculty disdain for Richard Nixon was established orthodoxy. And the single most influential person in my life had been a man whom Nixon had twice defeated in futile quests for the presidential nomination, Nelson Rockefeller.

The rivalry between Rockefeller and Nixon was not without an ingredient of personal antipathy that transcended even that automatically generated by competition for a unique prize. Nixon thought of Rockefeller as a selfish amateur who would wreck what he could not control, a representative of the Establishment that had treated him with condescension. Rockefeller considered Nixon an opportunist without the vision and idealism needed to shape the destiny of our nation.

In 1968 I shared many of these attitudes toward Nixon, although I had little direct evidence on which to base a judgment. I attended the gallant press conference in which Rockefeller conceded to Nixon and I was sick at heart.

Some months after that depressing day—with Richard Nixon now President-elect—I was having lunch with Governor Rockefeller and a group of his advisers in New York City. We were discussing what attitude Rockefeller should take toward a possible offer to join the Nixon Cabinet. We were interrupted by a telephone call. It was a poignant reminder of Rockefeller's frustrating career in national politics that the caller was Nixon's appointments secretary, Dwight Chapin, who was interrupting Rockefeller's strategy meeting to ask me—not Rockefeller—to meet with his chief.

I presented myself at 10 a.m. on Nov. 25, at the Nixon transition headquarters in the Pierre Hotel. I thought it likely that the President-elect wanted my views on the policy problems before him. Chapin took me to a large living room and told me that the President-elect would be with me soon. I did not know then that Nixon was painfully shy. Meeting new people filled him with vague dread, especially if they were in a position to rebuff or contradict him. As was his habit before such appointments, Nixon was probably in an adjoining room settling his nerves and reviewing his remarks, no doubt jotted down on a yellow tablet that he never displayed to his visitors.

When at last Nixon entered the room, it was with a show of jauntiness that failed to hide an extraordinary nervousness. His subject was the task of setting up his new Government. He had very little confidence in the State Department. Its personnel had no loyalty to him; the Foreign Service had disdained him as Vice President and ignored him the moment he was out of office. He was determined to run foreign policy from the White House. He felt it imperative to exclude the CIA from the formulation of policy; it was staffed by Ivy League liberals who, be-



Henry Kissinger in his White House office

hind the facade of analytical objectivity, were usually pushing their own preferences. Nixon invited my opinion.

I replied that he should not judge the Foreign Service's attitude toward a President by its behavior toward a candidate or even a Vice President. In any event, a President who knew his own mind would always be able to dominate foreign policy. I knew too little about the CIA to have an opinion. I agreed that there was a need for a more formal decision-making process. It should avoid the rigorous formalism of the Eisenhower Administration, but a new coherence and precision seemed to me essential.

Nixon outlined some of his foreign policy views. I was struck by his perceptiveness and knowledge so at variance with my previous image of him. He asked what in my view should be the goal of his diplomacy. I replied that the overriding problem was to free our foreign policy from its violent historical fluctuations between euphoria and panic, from the illusion that decisions depended largely on the idiosyncrasies of decision makers. Policy had to be related to some basic principles of national interest that would be maintained as Presidents changed.

At this point the conversation grew less precise. What I understood was that I had been asked whether in principle I was prepared to join his Administration in some planning capacity. I replied that in the event that Governor Rockefeller was offered a Cabinet post, I would be happy to serve on his staff.

In retrospect it is clear that my comment killed whatever minimal prospects existed for a Rockefeller appointment. Richard Nixon had no intention of having me join his Administration on the coattails of Nelson Rockefeller. One of my attractions for Nixon, I understood later, was that my appointment would demonstrate his ability to co-opt a Harvard intellectual; that I came from Rockefeller's entourage made the prospect all the more interesting.

The next day I received a phone call from John Mitchell's office, suggesting an appointment [to discuss] my position in the new Administration. It was not explained what position he was talking about.

I found Mitchell seated behind his desk puffing a pipe. Self-confident and taciturn, he came straight to the point: "What have you decided about the National Security job?"

"I did not know I had been offered it."

"Oh, Jesus Christ," said Mitchell, "he has screwed it up again." Mitchell lumbered out. He returned in five minutes with the information that the President-elect wished to see me.

This time it was clear what Nixon had in mind; I was offered the job of Security Adviser. The President-elect repeated his view of the incompetence of the CIA and the untrustworthiness of the State Department. The position of Security Adviser was therefore crucial to his plan to run foreign policy from the White House.

Tensions on the Team

A few days after my own appointment, Nixon informed me that William Pierce Rogers was to be his Secretary of State. He said that he and Rogers had been close friends in the Eisenhower Administration when Rogers was Attorney General, although their friendship had eroded later. Nixon considered Rogers' unfamiliarity with the subject an asset because it guaranteed that policy direction would remain in the White House. At the same time, Nixon said, Rogers was one of the toughest, most cold-eyed, self-centered and ambitious men he

had ever met. As a negotiator he would give the Soviets fits. And "the little boys in the State Department" had better be careful because Rogers would brook no nonsense. Few Secretaries of State can have been selected because of their Presidents' confidence in their ignorance of foreign policy.

During his friendship with Nixon in the 1950s, Rogers had been much the psychologically dominant partner. He could not really grasp that now his was the subordinate position. Even less could he face the proposition that he might have been appointed, in part, because his old friend wanted to reverse roles.

This curious antipathetic relationship between the two men had the consequence of enhancing my position, but my own role was clearly a result of that relationship and not the cause of it. From the beginning Nixon was determined to dominate the most important negotiations. Throughout his term, when a state visitor was received in the Oval Office by Nixon for a lengthy discussion, I was the only other American present.

As time went by, the President, or I on his behalf, came to deal increasingly with key foreign leaders through channels that directly linked the White House Situation Room to the field without going through the State Department—the so-called back channels. Nixon moved sensitive negotiations into the White House where he could supervise them directly, get the credit personally, and avoid the bureaucratic dispute or inertia that he

found so distasteful. In May 1971, the Secretary of State did not know of the negotiations in White House-Kremlin channels that led to the breakthrough in the SALT talks until 72 hours before a formal announcement. In July 1971, Rogers was told of my secret trip to China only after I was already on the way. In April 1972, my trip to Moscow was opposed by Rogers when he was told at the last minute.

Tensions in the Nixon policy machinery were produced also by an honest difference in perspective. Rogers had a shrewd analytical mind and outstanding common sense. But his perspective was tactical; as a lawyer he was trained to deal with issues as they arose "on their merits." My approach was strategic and geopolitical: I attempted to relate events to each other, to create incentives or pressures in one part of the world to influence events in another. Inevitably, Rogers must have considered me an egotistical nitpicker who ruined his relations with the President: I tended to view him as a neophyte who threatened the careful design of our foreign policy. The relationship was bound to deteriorate. Had both of us been wiser we would have understood that we would serve the country best by composing our personal differences and reinforcing each other. But Rogers was too proud, I intellectually too arrogant, and Nixon saw to it that we were both too insecure to adopt such a course.

THE SOVIET RIDDLE

"The riddle of relations with the other nuclear superpower has been a persistent preoccupation for postwar American foreign policy," Kissinger writes. And, difficult as it was to deal with the Soviets, the new Administration had no real choice but to give symmetry with Moscow a reasonable try.

The superpowers often behave like two heavily armed blind men feeling their way around a room, each believing himself in mortal peril from the other, whom he assumes to have perfect vision. Each side should know that frequently uncertainty, compromise and incoherence are the essence of policymaking. Yet each tends to ascribe to the other side a consistency, foresight and coherence that its own experience belies. Of course, over time even two armed blind men in a room can do enormous damage to each other, not to speak of the room.

The problem with U.S.-Soviet relations is not only that there are two competing bureaucracies with their assumptions and guesses; there are also conflicting conceptions of negotiation. Americans tend to believe that each negotiation has its own logic; that its outcome depends importantly on bargaining skill, good will and facility for compromise. Critics demand greater flexibility. No position is ever final. The other side has the maximum inducement to stand rigid to discover what else we may offer.

These attributes of American negotiators had complicated our efforts in 1969. Within the Administration we had to fight a seemingly endless battle against those who wanted to fuel the momentum of negotiations with unreciprocated gestures of good will. Not a few argued, for example, that we should forgo our programs on antiballistic missiles (ABM) and multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicles (MIRV) lest we doom the prospects of strategic arms limitation—though, in fact, ABM and MIRV turned out to be among our few playable cards. Similarly, we were warned that an opening to China would cause relations with the Soviet Union to regress; in fact, the opening would break a logjam on several issues with the U.S.S.R.

Our internal divisions handed the Soviet leadership an irresistible opportunity to whipsaw us. The Kremlin would stress its eagerness to begin negotiations on SALT, for example. While the White House would try to gear our response to overall Soviet conduct, the rest of our Government would find innumer-

able ways, from press leaks to informal hints, to let it be known that it was ready, nay eager, to start talking. Thus the better part of our first year was spent in convincing both the Soviets and our own bureaucracy that we intended to base our negotiations on a calculation of the national interest, not abstract slogans, and on strict reciprocity, not "gestures" or "signals." By the end of 1969 it seemed that the careful fencing was about to end. My talks with Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin—what came to be known as the Channel—had become increasingly active, usually on Soviet initiative. We had succeeded in making it clear to the Soviets, and with a little time lag to the bureaucracy, that the President's view was the decisive one.

Face to Face

Sooner or later every President since Roosevelt has become convinced that he should take a personal hand in East-West relations through face-to-face meetings with the Soviet leaders. It is human to yearn to make a decisive breakthrough toward peace. Presidents are strengthened in this temptation by an American public that finds it difficult to accept the existence of irreconcilable hostility and tends to see international relations in terms of the play of individual personalities.

Nixon was less given to these tendencies than most. He was too skeptical to believe that one meeting could alter the course of events. He was too experienced in international politics not to appreciate that decades-long tensions between great powers are not the result of personal animosities. He did not much like face-to-face negotiating.

And yet in 1970, for one of the few times in his presidency, Nixon threw sober calculation to the winds and pressed for a summit. Tormented by antiwar agitators, he thought he could paralyze them by a dramatic peace move. Meeting the Soviet leaders in the wake of our offensive against the sanctuaries in Cambodia might show Hanoi that it could prove expendable in a larger game. He foresaw benefits for the congressional elections in the fall as well. As the year proceeded, what started as a maneuver reached a point of near obsession.

This was to be one of the rare times that I totally disagreed with Nixon on a major foreign policy question. The Soviets had given us no help in Viet Nam. SALT was still substantially dead-

WHITE HOUSE YEARS



Strolling with Richard Nixon on a rain-swept walkway in the Kremlin during the May 1972 Moscow summit

SPECIAL SECTION

locked. The Soviets had introduced combat personnel into the Middle East—the first such Soviet action in the postwar period. Our China initiative could easily be wrecked by the appearance of collusion with the Soviets. A summit might thus easily fail; or, to rescue it, we would be induced to agreements we might later regret.

Mission to Moscow

Fortunately, notes Kissinger, though Nixon was eager for a summit in 1970, the Soviets overreached themselves and Nixon "did not need it as desperately as Moscow reckoned." The U.S. bided its time, and soon the pendulum was swinging its way. In December 1970, trouble erupted on the Soviets' own doorstep with food-price riots in Poland. In July 1971 came the announcement of Nixon's trip to China. Less than four weeks later, the Soviets formally invited the U.S. President to visit Moscow in the spring of 1972. Kissinger served as a kind of diplomatic advance man.



Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai represented a nation that had always been culturally pre-eminent in its region. Its leaders were aloof, self-assured, composed. Brezhnev represented a nation that had survived not by civilizing its conquerors but by outlasting them, a people suspended between Europe and Asia, with a culture that had destroyed its traditions without yet entirely replacing them. He sought to obscure his lack of assurance by boisterous-

ness, and his sense of latent inadequacy by occasional bullying. To be sure, no one reached the top of a Communist hierarchy except by ruthlessness. Yet the charm of the Chinese leaders obscured that quality, while Brezhnev's gruff heavyhandedness tended to emphasize it. The Chinese even amid the greatest cordiality kept their distance. Brezhnev, who had physical magnetism, crowded his interlocutor.

Brezhnev was quintessentially Russian. He was a mixture of crudeness and warmth; at the same time brutal and engaging, cunning and disarming. While he boasted of Soviet strength, one had the sense that he was not really all that sure of it. Having grown up in a backward society nearly overrun by Nazi invasion, he seemed to feel in his bones the vulnerability of his system. It is my nightmare that his successors, bred in more tranquil times and accustomed to modern technology and military strength, might be freer of self-doubt; with no such inferiority complex, they may believe their own boasts and, with a military establishment now covering the globe, may prove far more dangerous.

I believe that part of Brezhnev sincerely sought, if not peace in the Western sense, then surcease from the danger and risks and struggles of a lifetime. When I met him he had gone through the Stalin purges of the '30s (indeed, his first big jump up the ladder took place then), the Second World War, a new wave of purges, the power struggle following the death of Stalin and the intrigue that led to the overthrow of Khrushchev and catapulted Brezhnev to the top. He seemed at once exuberant and spent, eager to prevail but at minimum risk. He had had enough excitement for one lifetime. None of this, of course, changed the realities of Soviet power, which he was augmenting energetically. And this would have to be balanced by our strength, whatever Brezhnev's intentions or professions. Détente could never replace a balance of power.

I departed for Moscow on a presidential aircraft shortly after 1 a.m. on Thursday, April 20, 1972. My trip was secret; it was to be announced only after I had returned. The Soviets had pressed for months for a clandestine visit, almost certainly for the simple reason that Peking had had a secret trip and they were entitled to equality!

Several strands of policy, many of them interwoven, would be tested on my trip to Moscow. But overshadowing them all, when the time came for departure, was the offensive launched on March 30 by the North Vietnamese army. Could the Soviet Union be induced to pressure its client for the sake of the summit? Or were we ourselves in danger of being manipulated by the Soviet Union so that we would hesitate in responding militarily to North Viet Nam's challenges?

My first meeting with Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev was scheduled for 11 a.m. on April 21. He was awaiting us in the largest guesthouse of the complex of villas where we were staying. Obviously torn between the advice he must have re-

Aleksei Kosygin



Among our own experts Kosygin had the reputation of being more liberal than Brezhnev. I considered that a superficial judgment. As Prime Minister, he was in operational control of day-to-day activities of the Soviet government—outside of the security and foreign policy fields. Inevitably, this produced a certain pragmatism. He could speak eloquently about the advantages of increased commerce with the United States, though he never failed to

claim that he was doing us the greater favor by opening up the Soviet market to our exports. But outside the economic area, Kosygin struck me as orthodox if not rigid. It seemed almost as if he compensated for managerial pragmatism by the strictest piety on ideological matters.

Kosygin was clearly more polished and better educated than his colleagues. He had functioned at the upper reaches of Soviet power for more than 30 years. Brezhnev, for example, was still a middle-level party official when Kosygin had joined the top group of 20 or so Soviet leaders. On the other hand, Kosygin's capacity for survival may well have derived from the fact that he never aspired to the very summit of power. Successive leaders beginning with Stalin had valued his competence; none had seen him as a potential rival. His actions were not in service to personal ambition. His commitment to duty was vividly illustrated when his wife was fatally ill; Kosygin went ahead with his day's chores, even continuing to stand on Lenin's Tomb to review a Red Square parade after the message of her death reached him.

I saw little evidence of the sense of humor some of our experts had detected beneath the glacial exterior. Either my only attempt to strike a light tone backfired, or else Kosygin's humor was too subtle for me. At the end of the summit, we boarded a Soviet plane. To the considerable chagrin of our Soviet hosts, its engines refused to start. Kosygin stormed on the plane and said: "Tell us what you want to do with our Minister of Aviation. If you want him shot on the tarmac we will do so." He looked as if he might be serious. I attempted to ease his embarrassment by speaking of the wickedness of objects. When one dropped a coin, I said, it always rolled away, never toward one. Kosygin was not to be consoled by such transparent attempts to shift responsibility. "This is not my experience," he said, fixing me with a baleful glance. "I have dropped coins which rolled toward me."

WHITE HOUSE YEARS

ceived to behave discreetly and his own gregarious impulse, he alternated between pummeling me and wearing a grave mine. I thanked him for the warmth of the welcome. Brezhnev joked that they hoped to make me feel warmer still. I asked whether this was a threat or a pleasant prospect. Brezhnev replied that the Soviet Union did not believe in threats—a welcome piece of information that struck me as new.

Appearances meant a lot to Brezhnev. On my secret visit, he arranged with great pride a tour of the spacious and elegant Tsars' Apartments in the Kremlin, where Nixon would live. Along the corridor marble pedestals bearing huge vases stood between every two windows. All the vases were draped except one, which was shown to me as an example of the high polish that patient labors had achieved; the shrouds would stay on to preserve the sheen, it was explained, until an hour before Nixon's arrival. All this suggested an uneasy, quite touching meld of defensiveness and vulnerability. At this point the personalities of Nixon and Brezhnev intersected.

During our first encounter Brezhnev seemed nervous, probably because he felt insecure dealing with senior American officials for the first time, and partly because of his copious consumption of tobacco and alcohol, his history of heart disease and the pressure of his job. His hands were perpetually in motion: twisting his watch; flicking ashes from his ever-present cigarette (until he was put on the regimen of a locked cigarette case that would open only at preset intervals, which he found ingenious ways to get around); clanging his cigarette holder against an ashtray. He could not keep still. While his remarks were being translated he would restlessly bound up, walk around, engage in loud conversations with his colleagues or even leave the room without explanation and then return. Negotiations with Brezhnev thus included the bizarre feature that he might disappear at any moment; or while you were being most persuasive, he could be concentrating not on your remarks but on forcing food on you.

Andrei Gromyko



He was a survivor. He had lived through the Stalin period, the Molotov era at the Foreign Ministry, and Khrushchev's roller coaster diplomacy. He had been Foreign Minister since 1957.

The price of survival included being the butt of the crude jokes of whoever was the top Soviet leader. Khrushchev once boasted to a foreign visitor that if Gromyko were asked to sit on a block of ice with his pants down, he would do so un-

questioningly until ordered to leave it. Brezhnev's humor, though less brutal, made the same point.

Gromyko's face would crease in smiles when he was the butt of this heavyhanded joshing. Only his eyes remained wary and slightly melancholy, like those of the beagle who has endured the inexplicable foibles of his master yet bent them to his own will. Through all this Gromyko preserved an aloof kind of dignity; he was loyal and compliant but not obsequious. He became the indispensable drive wheel of Soviet foreign policy, the consummate Soviet diplomat, well briefed, confident and tenacious. It was suicidal to negotiate with him without mastering the record or the issues. He had a prodigious memory that enabled him to bank every concession he believed we had made—or even hinted at. It would then become the starting point for the next round. Before he was elevated to the Politburo in 1973, he was an implementer, not a maker of policy. Afterward, he became visibly more influential and self-confident.

The American style of wisecracking at first eluded him. We met for the first time in September 1969. Gromyko walked up to me and said: "You look just like Henry Kissinger." I replied: "You look just like Richard Nixon." This took him a few seconds to hoist aboard. He soon absorbed the style. During the Moscow summit of 1972 one of our Xerox machines broke down. Knowing the KGB's reputation for Orwellian ubiquity, I asked Gromyko during a meeting in the Kremlin whether he could have some copies made for us if we held certain documents up to the chandelier. Gromyko replied without missing a beat that unfortunately the cameras were installed by the tsars; they were adequate for photographing people but not documents.

Within the framework imposed by the system he represented he was honorable. He was a man of his word. He stuck to his bargains—or, if he was obliged to change course, he did so with visible embarrassment.

Anatoli Dobrynin



Soviet ambassadors are the product of a bureaucracy that rewards discipline and discourages initiative; of a society historically distrustful of foreigners; of a people hiding its latent insecurity by heavyhanded self-assertiveness. With some Soviet diplomats one has the uneasy feeling that they report in a way to suit the preconceptions of their superiors. Most Soviet diplomats certainly cling rigidly to formal positions, for they can never be accused of unnecessary compromise if they show no initiative.

Dobrynin avoided these professional deformations. He was a classic product of the Communist society. The first member of his family to go to a university, he was trained as an engineer. Whether he owed his flexibility to his training in a subject relatively free of deadening ideology, or to a natural disposition, he was one of the few Soviet diplomats of my acquaintance who could understand the psychology of others. He was suave not just by Soviet standards—which leave ample room for clumsiness—but by any criteria. He knew how to talk to Americans in a way brilliantly attuned to their preconceptions. He was especially skilled at evoking the inextinguishable American sense of guilt, by persistently but pleasantly hammering home the impression that every deadlock was our fault.

I never forgot that Dobrynin was a member of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party. I never indulged in the conceit that his easy manner reflected any predisposition toward me or toward the West. I had no doubt that if the interests of his country required it he could be as ruthless or duplicitous as any other Communist leader. But I considered his unquestioning support of the Soviet line an asset, not a liability; it enabled us to measure the policies of his masters with precision. Occasionally he would give me his personal analysis of American politics; without exception it was acute and even wise. This gave us some confidence that the Kremlin would have at its disposal a sophisticated assessment of conditions here. An accurate understanding could not guarantee that Moscow would choose our preferred response, but it reduced the prospects of gross miscalculation.

Dobrynin was free of the tendency toward petty chiseling by which the run-of-the-mill Soviet diplomat demonstrates his vigilance to his superiors: he understood that a reputation for reliability is an important asset in foreign policy.

In their talks Brezhnev and Kissinger prepared the ground for Nixon's visit, reaching agreement on several SALT provisions and on a mutual declaration of principles. A month after Kissinger's trip, on May 20, 1972, Nixon and his party set out for Moscow aboard Air Force One. The summit was on.

Nixon in the Kremlin

The mood was one of optimism, even elation. Despite the assaults by both Hanoi and our critics we had stood our ground. We had behind us a rare public consensus produced by the stunning events of the preceding month. Conservatives reveled in the mining of North Viet Nam's harbors, they interpreted the summit as a Soviet retreat. Liberals were relieved that the summit was taking place at all.

We had a somewhat different perspective from either liberals or conservatives. In a memorandum for the President before leaving, I summarized Soviet policies and described the outlook starkly:

"For reasons deeply rooted in the ideology of the regime and the structure of internal Soviet politics, Soviet foreign policy will remain antagonistic to the West and especially the U.S. The world-power ambitions of the Soviet leaders, and any likely successors, plus their confidence in their capability to support their ambitions with material resources, suggest that the U.S.S.R. will press their challenge to Western interests with increasing vigor and in certain situations assume risks which heretofore would have seemed excessively dangerous."

The Soviet summit never developed the uniform texture of the one in Peking; it was more random and jagged. The discussions between Nixon and the Soviet leaders lacked a central theme. On the whole what emerged were formal expressions of standard positions not significantly different from the written exchanges that had gone back and forth through the Channel.

The summit's jagged rhythm was compounded by the fact that schedules in the Soviet Union seem to have at best an approximate quality. We would sometimes be kept waiting for hours while the Soviet leaders caucused, attended Politburo sessions, or simply disappeared. It was never clear whether the numerous delays and the constant switching of topics were a form of psychological warfare or simply reflected the Soviet working style. When Brezhnev visited the U.S. in 1973, he sat on his veranda at Camp David in full view of Nixon's cabin, talking with his advisers right through a scheduled meeting with the President, whom he kept waiting for two hours without explanation or apology.

There was one dramatic session during the summit—on Viet Nam. Held at Brezhnev's dacha outside Moscow, it pitted Nixon against a troika of Soviet leaders: Party Boss Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny.

The dacha, a 40-minute drive from the Kremlin, was set on a little rise in a heavily wooded area along the Moscow River. It was two stories high, comfortable without either appearing lavish or rising to elegance. On the ground floor was a small conference room furnished very sparsely with an oval table and a grandfather clock.

The Soviet leaders and Nixon faced each other across the oval table. The discussion started harmlessly enough but finally Nixon decided to put Viet Nam squarely on the table. If he had not, the Soviet leaders surely would have; they were loaded for bear.

Nixon began by arguing that the "collateral issue" of Viet Nam should not interrupt the basic progress in our relations which was being achieved. He was aware that the Soviet Union had an ideological affinity with Hanoi. But we did not choose this moment for the "flare-up" in Viet Nam [he was referring to Hanoi's 1972 Easter offensive]. We could not reconsider our policy unless Hanoi indicated new flexibility in its negotiating stance. Moscow, he needed, should use the influence it acquired through

Babblers and Bugs

My secret trip to Moscow in 1972 marked my introduction to the use of the "babblers." This was a cassette tape I had brought with me, which played a bizarre recording of what seemed like several dozen voices talking gibberish simultaneously. If I wanted to confer with my colleagues without being overheard by listening devices, we would gather around the babbler, speaking softly among ourselves. Theoretically anyone listening in would be unable to distinguish the real conversation from the cacophony of recorded voices. Whether it worked or not we could never be sure. The only certainty was that anyone trying to talk through the mind-numbing babble for any length of time would lose his own sanity. Thus we used it sparingly. Usually we spoke elliptically or wrote notes to one another. A colleague and I sometimes took a walk in the garden, even there whispering to each other because Willy Brandt's security people had warned us that the trees contained listening devices. Our respect for the KGB was such that our secretaries used manual typewriters brought from home lest the "telemetry" of electric machines be read by our solicitous hosts.

supplying military equipment to make Hanoi think again.

Now that the subject was Viet Nam, the atmosphere clouded suddenly. Each of the three Soviet leaders in turn unleashed a diatribe against Nixon, who, except for two one-sentence interruptions, endured it in dignified silence. Not only was the substance tough but the tone was crudely hectoring. Brezhnev complained not only about our "cruel" bombing but about the whole history of our involvement in Viet Nam. He denied that military actions were needed to end the war. Hanoi was eager to negotiate; all we had to do was to get rid of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu and accept Hanoi's "reasonable" political program. There were several not too subtle allusions that barely stopped short of comparing American policy with Hitler's.

Where Brezhnev had been emotional, Kosygin was analytical; where Brezhnev had pounded the table, he was glacially correct, though in substance the most aggressive of the troika. He recalled his conversations with Lyndon Johnson, who had first predicted victory and failed. He implied the same fate for Nixon. He hinted that Hanoi might reconsider its previous refusal to permit forces of other countries to fight on its side—prompting Nixon to retort that we were not frightened by that threat. Kosygin suggested that we get rid of Thieu; he was reasonably sure such a proposal would be accepted by Hanoi. (So were we. We did not think we required Soviet help to surrender.) Podgorny concluded the presentations. His epithets were the equal of his colleagues', though his delivery was blander and his tone actually milder.

Suddenly the thought struck me that for all the bombast and rudeness, we were participants in a charade. While the tone was bellicose and the manner extremely rough, the Soviet leaders were speaking for the record, and when they had said enough to have a transcript to send to Hanoi, they would stop.

And so it was.

Balancing Act

The summit was back on the track. With some difficulty, a SALT understanding was concluded that limited defensive weapons like the ABM and put an outright freeze on deployment of new offensive missiles. The agreement quickly came under attack in the U.S. as too generous to the Soviets, who at the time enjoyed an advantage in certain categories of strategic missiles.

It seemed to be inherent in Nixon's life—it was his tragedy—that he was unable to find acceptance with any new departure. Every step he took was immediately subsumed again in the controversies and distrust he had accumulated over a lifetime. He soon found himself in the paradoxical position of a former cold warrior accused of being too committed to easing relations with the Soviet Union. What was the reality?

The context as well as the content of the summit made it a major success for American policy. The fact that we had faced down Hanoi and yet completed major negotiations with Moscow (three months after the spectacular in Peking) evoked the prospect of a more hopeful future and thus put Viet Nam into perspective. But the fundamental achievement was to sketch the outline on which coexistence between the democracies and the Soviet system must be based. SALT embodied our conviction that a wildly spiraling nuclear arms race was in no country's interest and enhanced no one's security; a statement of "Basic Principles," agreed to with Brezhnev, gave at least verbal expression to the necessity of responsible political conduct. The two elements symbolized our conviction that a relaxation of tensions could not be based exclusively on arms control; the ultimate test would be restrained international behavior.

For as far ahead as we can see, America's task will be to re-create and maintain the two pillars of our policy toward the Soviet Union that we began to build in Moscow: a willingness to confront Soviet expansionism and a simultaneous readiness to mark out a cooperative future. A more peaceful world is prevented if we lean too far in either direction.

Unfortunately, the erosion of Nixon's domestic base prevented us from fully implementing our vision or our strategy. Relations with the Soviet Union grew increasingly controversial under an attack by both liberals and conservatives. Liberals who for three years had assaulted Nixon for bellicosity and intransigence now found it convenient to criticize, if not *détente* itself, then its "overselling" in America. Conservatives feared that the American people, in its historical alternation between op-

tism and gloom about Soviet purposes, was swinging too far toward a euphoria that over time would sap its will. They doubted whether America could sustain both the willingness to confront and the readiness to cooperate at the same time.

They had a point; they had the historical record on their side. No period of coexistence with the Soviet system has proved permanent. Each has been used by the Kremlin as a springboard for a new advance. But we would not accept that the American people could maintain their vigilance only by a strident militance that conceded to our adversaries a monopoly on the global yearning for peace, and that would gradually maneuver the U.S. Government into isolation. We were determined to resist Soviet aggressiveness, but we thought the chances better if our policy also gave expression to hope. It remains to be seen whether, given our historical experience and the bitterness of our recent past, it is possible to walk this narrow path; whether we are doomed to oscillate erratically between excessive conciliation and excessive bellicosity. It continues as the fundamental task of any Administration.

A Nose for News

As the Moscow summit got under way, Brezhnev proposed that there be a signing ceremony each afternoon for agreements reached beforehand. Nixon fell in step, observing that the Moscow morning papers would thus have something to report, while in the U.S. the signings would make the evening television shows. What Brezhnev thought of the proposition that the Moscow journals needed Nixon's help in finding news must be left to his autobiography.

CRUDE TRICKS AT CIENFUEGOS

"In foreign policy," writes Kissinger, "crude tricks are almost always self-defeating." The Russians tried to get away with a grand deception in Cuba during the summer of 1970 (just as they may have tried again, this time to the discomfiture of the Carter Administration, which is negotiating this week over a brigade of Soviet troops identified last month in Cuba). On Aug. 4, 1970, the Soviet charge in Washington called on Kissinger with an inquiry from Moscow: Was the 1962 Kennedy-Khrushchev understanding on Cuba, reached in the wake of the missile crisis, still in force? The timing of the question puzzled Kissinger, but he checked with Nixon and reported back that the understanding, which barred emplacement of any offensive weapon or offensive delivery system on Cuban soil, was indeed still in effect. Some three weeks later Kissinger discovered why the Russians were suddenly so interested.

On Cuba's southern coast there is a port named Cienfuegos. Its harbor can be reached only by a single channel leading to a bay dotted by a number of small islands. One of these islands, Cayo Alcatraz, a U-2 on Aug. 26 photographed new construction activity that had not been evident during a flight eleven days earlier. All that could be definitely identified was work on a wharf and on some new barracks. In itself this was not unusual. What made it of more than passing significance was another piece of intelligence: a flotilla of Soviet ships was heading toward Cuba; a submarine tender, a guided-missile cruiser, a guided-missile destroyer, an ocean-going salvage tug, a heavy salvage ship, a merchant tanker and an amphibious landing ship carrying two 80-ft. barges. The tender

and the barges were of a type normally used for servicing nuclear submarines. The composition of this task force was so unprecedented that something more than a courtesy visit seemed to be involved. Suddenly, a succession of events over the better part of a year began to take on a new significance.

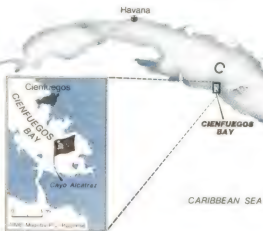
In July 1969 the Soviets undertook their first naval visit to Cuba. In November 1969, the Soviet Minister of Defense, Andrei Grechko, visited Cuba. In the months that followed, Soviet military activity in and around Cuba gradually increased—almost certainly to get us accustomed to a Soviet naval presence in the Caribbean.

The latest Soviet flotilla reached Cienfuegos on Sept. 9. Daily U-2 reconnaissance flights were ordered, and the Cuban reaction to them showed that something unusual was afoot. MiG fighters scrambled after our first flight. A U.S. Navy anti-submarine aircraft was shadowed for 60 miles while a MiG made several strafing passes. I was sufficiently concerned to warn the Soviet Union publicly on Sept. 16 that operating missile-carrying submarines or nuclear weapons from Cuba or servicing them from there would have grave consequences. Since we did not yet have any concrete evidence, I stopped just short of making a direct charge.

As it happened, conclusive evidence was being collected that very day by a U-2. What the photography showed was that two new barracks, administrative buildings and recreation facilities had quickly risen on the island, including a soccer field. In my eyes this stamped it indelibly as a Russian base, since as an old soccer fan I knew Cubans rarely played soccer. More important, the tender was moored in permanent fashion

Moscow's Cuban Surprise

Soviet Defense Minister Andrei Grechko (inset) visited Cuba in November 1969. The next summer, the U.S. learned that Moscow was building a base for nuclear-powered ballistic missile subs at the port of Cienfuegos in southern Cuba.



to four buoys in the bay and was in a position to service submarines. On the mainland, there had arisen a new dock, a fuel storage depot, and the early stages of a major communications facility, undoubtedly the radio link to Moscow, guarded by anti-aircraft missiles and surveillance radar. What we saw, in short, had all the earmarks of a permanent Soviet naval base.

The Washington Special Action Group met on Sept. 19. All agreed that a base capable of servicing nuclear submarines was being built and that the Soviets were seeking to skirt the Kennedy-Khrushchev understanding by placing most of the facilities offshore. It reminded the group that in 1962 President Kennedy had reacted not because the deployment of Soviet missiles to Cuba had been "illegal"—it was, in fact, then technically "legal"—but because he considered it a threat to the security of the U.S.

I saw the Soviet move as part of a process of testing. I strongly favored facing the challenge immediately lest the Soviets misunderstand our permissiveness and escalate their involvement to a point where only a major crisis could remove the base. But the President decided on a very low-key public posture, confined to noting that we were aware of what was happening and were watching. I was extremely uneasy. I thought the longer we waited the more difficult would be the decisions both for us and for the Soviets when we challenged them.

A few days later a Pentagon spokesman, asked by a newsman about Cienfuegos, gave out full details. The officer had misunderstood his instructions, which were to acknowledge the construction there but to offer as little elaboration as possible. In any case, the low-key posture had been blown out of the water.

I told the President that we had no choice now except to face the Soviets down, but in a manner that gave them a way out. I proposed to use a briefing already scheduled on Nixon's Mediterranean trip to issue a strong warning to the Soviets against building a sub base in Cuba; I would leave open whether the base already existed, so that a clear line of retreat was available. I would then call in Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin and confront him directly, telling him that we considered Cienfuegos an offensive base and would insist on its dismantlement.

When options were starkly defined, Nixon was always decisive. He approved my recommendation and suggested that a destroyer be moved near Cienfuegos to emphasize our warning. At my briefing, when the predictable question on Cuba came up, I said, among other things: "The Soviet Union can be under no doubt that we would view the establishment of a strategic

base in the Caribbean with the utmost seriousness."

Two hours after my briefing, I met Dobrynin in the Map Room. I told him that we considered the construction at Cienfuegos unmistakably a submarine base; we would view continued construction with the "utmost gravity"; the base could not remain. We would not shrink from other measures if forced into it; if the ships—especially the tender—left Cienfuegos, we would consider it a training exercise.

Dobrynin, usually genial, was all business. Were we claiming that the 1962 understanding had been violated? I dismissed this as a legalistic quibble. Cuba, to us, was a place of extreme sensitivity. We considered the sequence of events as acts of extremely bad faith. The installations had been completed with maximum deception; they could not remain. Whatever the phraseology of the 1962 understanding, its intent could not have been to replace land-based with sea-based missiles.

The Soviets took us seriously. We returned to Washington on Oct. 5 from Nixon's trip. Dobrynin came in the next day with a message that concluded with a precise commitment that no base was being built in Cuba.

The Soviets' reply was clearly positive. After my press statement, construction of port facilities ceased. But nothing with the Soviets ever works this simply. The Soviet sub tender and salvage tug left Cienfuegos on Oct. 10, but rounded the island and arrived once again in Cienfuegos on Nov. 7. I protested angrily to Dobrynin on Nov. 14 and told him later that servicing submarines in or from Cuban ports would "lead to the most grave situation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union."

The tender quit the Caribbean on Jan. 3, 1971—only to be replaced by a second tender that arrived in Cuba on Feb. 14 with another Soviet naval task force, including a nuclear-powered attack sub. I handed Dobrynin a note on Feb. 22 saying that the presence of a tender in Cienfuegos for 125 of the last 166 days was inconsistent with the understanding. The tender and sub left. In May, a tender and a nuclear-powered cruise-missile sub made a visit. Every conceivable combination was being tried—except the most important one, the presence of a tender in conjunction with a nuclear-powered ballistic missile sub. We lodged another sharp protest. The tender left once more.

Rather than a dramatic confrontation on the order of 1962, we considered that quiet diplomacy was best suited to giving the U.S.S.R. an opportunity to withdraw without humiliation. We could not forget, of course, the deception that had been attempted. Nor would we be oblivious to the reality that Soviet restraint, when achieved, resulted only from our forcing of the issue and determined persistence.

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THE CHINA CONNECTION

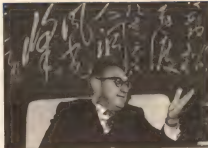
In negotiations, the Soviets tend to be blunt, the Chinese insinuating. The Soviets insist on their prerogatives as a great power. The Chinese establish a claim on the basis of universal principles and a demonstration of self-confidence that attempts to make the issue of power seem irrelevant. The Soviets, with all their stormy and occasionally duplicitous behavior, leave an impression of extraordinary psychological insecurity. The Chinese convey an aura of imperviousness to pressure; indeed, they pre-empt pressure by implying that issues of principle are beyond discussion. Chinese diplomats, at least in their encounters with us, proved meticulously reliable. They never stooped to petty maneuvers; they did not haggle; they reached their bottom line quickly, explained it reasonably, and defended it tenaciously. They stuck to the meaning as well as the spirit of their undertakings. As Chou was fond of saying, "Our word counts."

Kissinger had a chance to compare Soviet and Chinese negotiating styles because of a momentous development: the opening to China. As he notes, "policy emerges when concept encounters opportunity," and Nixon realized that the bloody border clashes between Soviet and Chinese troops in the summer of 1969 presented just such an opportunity. Fearful of a pre-emptive attack by Moscow or an all-out war, the Chinese were looking for a counter-threat to Soviet pressure. At that very moment, the U.S. was subtly signaling Peking that it was interested in a fundamental change in their relationship. There followed what Kissinger calls "an intricate minuet, so stylized that neither side needed to bear the onus of an initiative, so elliptical that existing relationships on both sides were not jeopardized." The complex maneuvers began paying off. In October 1970, Nixon asked Pakistan's President Yahya Khan, who was about to visit Peking, to let the Chinese know that the U.S. was ready to improve relations.

Head to Head

On Dec. 8, Pakistan's Ambassador Agha Hilaly said that he had "a message" for me relating to Yahya's trip. I invited Hilaly to the White House the next day, where in my office a few minutes after 6 p.m. he produced an envelope containing a handwritten missive on white, blue-lined paper which had been carried to him by hand, Yahya not trusting the security of cable communications. (This was to be the form for all messages through the Pakistani channel.) Hilaly said he was not authorized to leave the document with me. He therefore had to dictate it as I copied it down. We did not notice the incongruity of this elegant spokesman of the elite of a country based on an ancient religion dictating a communication from the leader of a militant Asiatic revolutionary nation to a representative of the leader of the Western capitalist world; or the phenomenon that in an age of instantaneous communication we had returned to the diplomatic methods of the previous century—the handwritten note delivered by messenger and read aloud.

The message was not an indirect, subtle signal. It was an authoritative personal message to Richard Nixon from Chou En-lai, who emphasized that he spoke not only for himself but also for Chairman Mao and Vice Chairman Lin Biao (Lin Piao). China, Chou declared, "has always been willing and has always tried to negotiate by peaceful means . . . A special envoy of President Nixon's will be most welcome in Peking." Chou En-lai observed gracefully that many other messages had been re-



In Peking (behind him: a poem by Mao Tse-tung)

ceived from the U.S. through various sources, "but this is the first time that the proposal has come from a Head, through a Head, to a Head. We attach importance to the message."

In short, a personal representative of the President was being invited to Peking. I walked down the hall to the Oval Office. Nixon and I were as one in our readiness to accept the invitation. I drafted a reply that I handed to Hilaly on Dec. 16. Where the Chinese notes in the Pakistani channel were handwritten, ours were typed on Xerox paper without a letterhead or a U.S. Government watermark.

They were not signed (and our bureaucracy was not informed). The two sides had in effect agreed on a meeting in Peking.

The minuet went on, and several subtle signals were exchanged, including an invitation to a U.S. Ping Pong team to visit China. On April 27, 1971, the real breakthrough occurred. Another note from Chou, transmitted via the Pakistani channel, said: "The Chinese government reaffirms its willingness to receive publicly in Peking a special envoy of the President of the U.S. (for instance, Mr. Kissinger) or the U.S. Secretary of State or even the President himself for a direct meeting and discussions." The next morning Nixon told Kissinger to get ready for a secret visit to Peking. But shortly before he was to depart, an unexpected crisis erupted.

Just when technical and bureaucratic problems seemed to be solved, there occurred an event that deflected our attention for much of the period remaining before I left on my mission: the publication of the so-called Pentagon papers. After we had struggled for months to establish a secret channel to Peking, the sudden release of over 7,000 pages of secret documents, most dealing with the war in Viet Nam, came as a profound shock. The documents, of course, were in no way damaging to the Nixon presidency. Indeed, there was some sentiment among White House political operatives to exploit them as an illustration of the machinations of our predecessors and the difficulties we inherited. But such an attitude seemed to me against the public interest: our system of government would surely lose all trust if each President used the process of declassification to smear his predecessors.

Our nightmare was that Peking might conclude our Government was too unsteady, too harassed, and too insecure to be a useful partner. The massive hemorrhage of state secrets was bound to raise doubts about our reliability and about the stability of our political system. I not only supported Nixon in his opposition to this wholesale theft and unauthorized disclosure; I encouraged him. I was not aware of steps later taken, the sordidness, puerility, and ineffectuality of which eventually led to the downfall of the Nixon Administration. I consider those methods inexcusable, but I continue to believe that the theft and publication of official documents did a grave disservice to the nation. The release of the Pentagon papers did not impede our overture to Peking. But this does not change the principle.

Kissinger's arrival in Peking was set for July 9; the cover was a lengthy "information trip" through Asia beginning July 1 and taking him to Pakistan's capital, Islamabad, whence he slipped away by means of an elaborate ruse. Among other things, this involved a pre-dawn drive to Chaklala Airport with Kissinger wearing sunglasses and a hat "to ensure that no stray pedestrian spotted me—an unlikely contingency at that hour in Islamabad, where my name was scarcely a household word." During his flight to Pe-

Antics of the Advance Men

Nixon's 1969 European journey was my first introduction to the antics of the advance men: they were clean-cut, efficient, and disciplined individuals whom H.R. Haldeman had proudly picked from advertising agencies and junior executive positions. Their sole responsibility was to make certain that everything ran smoothly for Nixon, who must never face the unexpected contingencies he hated so much. The advance team held itself responsible for ensuring that Nixon was seen by others only in the most favorable light. This sometimes led to absurdities. On a state visit to Ottawa in 1972, an advance man decided that the tan furniture in Pierre Trudeau's office would not flatter Nixon on television and took it upon himself to redecorate the Prime Minister's private office with blue-covered sofas. He was stopped at the last minute by an incredulous associate of Trudeau almost incoherent with rage.

On the European trip, the advance men's first exposure to the world of diplomacy, they solved their problems by acting as if they were running a political stopover in Des Moines. They paid no attention whatsoever to our ambassadors, many of whom they distrusted as lame-duck Democratic holdovers, and only minimum heed to the sovereign governments that were our hosts. When White House Aide John Ehrlichman sought to prescribe a guest list for a dinner at 10 Downing Street, David Bruce, our Ambassador in London, who had seen too much in a distinguished diplomatic career to be intimidated by a new Administration, cabled: "Surely the absurdity of telling the British Prime Minister whom he can invite to his own home for dinner requires no explanation." Other advance men in Paris, surveying the residence of our Ambassador there in preparation for the President's dinner for De Gaulle, gave rise to further palpitations. They noticed some photographs of John Kennedy. Special high-level dispensation was required before Ambassador Sargent Shriver—married to President Kennedy's sister Eunice—was permitted to keep the pictures of his brother-in-law on visible display.

king, Kissinger recalled how John Foster Dulles had refused to shake Chou En-lai's hand at the 1954 Geneva Conference on Indochina. "The slight," he writes, "had not been forgotten; it was referred to on many occasions in the days afterward and on subsequent visits." Kissinger was determined to make amends. Installed in a guesthouse in a walled-off park in western Peking, he awaited the Premier's visit.

Chou En-lai arrived at 4:30. His gaunt, expressive face was dominated by piercing eyes, conveying a mixture of intensity and repose, of wariness and calm self-confidence. He moved gracefully and with dignity, filling a room not by his physical dominance (as did Mao or De Gaulle) but by his air of controlled tension, steely discipline, and self-control, as if he were a coiled spring. He conveyed an easy casualness, which, however, did not deceive the careful observer. The quick smile, the comprehending expression that made clear he understood English without translation, the palpable alertness, were the features of a man who had had burned into him by a searing half-century the vital importance of self-possession. I greeted him at the door of the guesthouse and ostentatiously stuck out my hand. Chou gave me a quick smile and took it. It was the first step in putting the legacy of the past behind us.

There was about Chou an inner serenity that enabled him. I would soon learn, to eschew the petty maneuvers that characterized our negotiations with other Communists. All our meetings on this and my subsequent visits lasted for many hours (sessions of five to seven hours were not uncommon); yet on no occasion did he reveal any impatience or imply that he had anything else to do. We were never interrupted by phone calls or the bureaucratic necessities of running a huge state. I do not know how he managed it; I used to joke that senior officials in Washington would probably not be able to free so much time for the Second Coming.

Chou never bargained to score petty points. I soon found that the best way to deal with him was to present a reasonable position, explain it meticulously, and then stick to it. I sometimes went so far as to let him see the internal studies that supported our conclusions. Chou acted the same way.

During our first talk, on July 9, by tacit agreement we did not press controversial issues to the hilt. Taiwan was mentioned only briefly. But at the next day's session the mood was different. With very few preliminaries Chou recited a fierce litany and closed with a challenging question—whether, given our vast differences, there was any sense in a presidential visit.

I responded equally firmly, pointing out that Peking had broached the presidential visit and that we could not accept any conditions. I then launched into a deliberately brusque point-by-point rebuttal of Chou's presentation. Chou stopped me after the first point, saying the duck would get cold if we did not eat first. At lunch the mood changed and Chou's geniality returned.

After lunch I resumed my rebuttal until Chou suddenly, matter-of-factly suggested the summer of 1972 for the President's visit, as if all that was left was to decide the timing. He added that he thought it prudent if we met the Soviet leaders first. I replied that the visits should take place in the order in which they had been arranged—first Peking, then Moscow. I did not have the impression that Chou was unhappy about this.

No account of the secret trip can be complete without the saga of my shirts. Knowing the vicissitudes of a hectic twelve-day trip through Asia, I had asked my aide Dave Halperin to be sure to set aside a couple of clean shirts specifically for Peking. As the Pakistani plane took off from Chaklala and soared toward the Himalayas, Halperin, who had come to see me off, was stunned by the realization that he had set aside the shirts so carefully that I could not have packed them; at this thought he became physically sick. I was aghast when, in the plane, I wanted to change shirts before arriving in Peking. In desperation I borrowed some white shirts from John Holdridge—a six-foot-two trim former West Pointer whose build did not exactly coincide with my rather more compact physique. Photos of my party in shirtsleeves show me smiling enigmatically, in garments that left me with the appearance of having no neck. Their size was the least of it; for these shirts were prominently labeled "Made in Taiwan." I was telling the literal truth when I told our hosts that Taiwan was a matter close to me.

"Eureka!"

A single code word cabled from Kissinger to Nixon, "Eureka," advised that the trip had been successful. After returning from Peking, Kissinger and Aide Winston Lord drafted a report to Nixon that exulted: "We have laid the groundwork for you and Mao to turn a page in history." On July 15 Nixon informed stunned television viewers of Kissinger's secret trip and his own plan to visit China some time before May 1972. In October 1971, Kissinger returned to China, with a team of "advance men," to prepare for Nixon's own visit.

Even in the millennia of their history the Chinese had never encountered a presidential advance party, especially one disciplined by the monomaniacal obsession of the Nixon White House with public relations. When I warned Chou En-lai that China had survived barbarian invasions before but had never encountered advance men, it was only partly a joke.

WHITE HOUSE YEARS

The details of the Nixon trip were settled very rapidly. We proposed two dates, Feb. 21 and March 16; Chou chose the earlier. Problems solved themselves as easily as was compatible with the obsessive single-mindedness of the advance men. The head of our security detail distinguished himself by requesting a list of subversives in each locality the President was likely to visit. This raised an interesting problem; in China conservative Republicans would undoubtedly be classed as subversives, and if we asked how many Communist sympathizers there were we would get the unsettling answer of 800 million.

Chou and I spent over 25 hours together reviewing the world situation, another 15 working on a statement that later came to be known as the Shanghai Communiqué. Nixon had seen and approved a draft communiqué prepared by me and my staff. It followed the conventional style, highlighting fuzzy areas of agreement and obscuring differences with platitudinous generalizations. Quite uncharacteristically, the Premier made a scorching one-hour speech—at the express direction of Mao, he said—declaring that our approach was unacceptable. The communiqué had to set forth fundamental differences; otherwise the wording would have an "untruthful appearance." Our present draft was the sort of banality the Soviets would sign but neither mean nor observe.

Chou said that he would submit a proposed draft. It was unprecedented in design. It stated the Chinese position on a whole host of issues in extremely uncompromising terms. It left blank pages for our position. It was intransigent on Taiwan. At first I was taken aback. To end a presidential visit with a catalogue of disagreements was extraordinary. But as I reflected further I began to see that the very novelty of the approach might resolve our perplexities. A statement of differences would reassure allies and friends that their interests had been defended. If we could develop some common positions, these would then stand out as the authentic convictions of principled leaders.

I told Chou that I would accept his basic approach. We outlined the key joint positions, especially the paragraph concerning both countries' opposition to hegemony. Though this later became a hallowed Chinese word, it was first introduced by us. Taiwan, as expected, provided the most difficult issue. We needed a formula acknowledging the unity of China, which was the one point on which Taipei and Peking agreed, without giving

up our existing relationships. I finally put forward the American position on Taiwan as follows: "The United States acknowledges that all Chinese on either side of the Taiwan Strait maintain there is but one China. . . . The United States Government does not challenge that position." Chou and I refined the text until at 8:10 a.m., concluding a nearly nonstop session of 24 hours, we had agreed on the main outline. We had scheduled our departure for 9 a.m. Chou took me to the door of the guesthouse and spoke to me for the first time in English: "Come back soon for the joy of talking."

Conversation with a Colossus

Nixon's huge presidential party reached Peking at 11:30 a.m. on Monday, Feb. 21, 1972. Nixon, Kissinger and most of their staffs were quartered in a large guesthouse near the old Imperial Fishing Lake, Secretary of State William Rogers and his entourage in a smaller one a few hundred yards away. "The Chinese had well understood the strange checks and balances within the Executive Branch," Kissinger notes wryly, "and had recreated the physical gulf between the White House and Foggy Bottom in the heart of Peking." Barely three hours after his arrival, Nixon received a sudden invitation.

At 2:30 I was told that Chou En-lai needed to see me urgently in the reception room. Without the usual banter he said: "Chairman Mao would like to see the President." The President and I set off for the first encounter with one of the colossal figures of modern history.

Mao Tse-tung, the ruler whose life had been dedicated to overturning the values, the structure, and the appearance of traditional China, lived in fact in the Imperial City, as withdrawn and mysterious even as the emperors he disdained. Nobody ever had a scheduled appointment; one was admitted to a presence, not invited to a governmental authority. I saw Mao five times. On each occasion I was summoned suddenly. On one visit Mao expressed interest in meeting my wife Nancy. The fact that she was shopping presented no obstacle to our hosts. She was hustled out of a shop by a protocol officer who seemed to know exactly where she was and brought her to Mao.

Tall and powerfully built for a Chinese, Mao fixed the vis-



Chatting with a gesticulating Chairman Mao Tse-tung and an attentive Premier Chou En-lai in China's capital

Mao Tse-tung



Even in the brief meeting with Nixon, Mao could not escape the nightmare that shadowed his accomplishments and tormented his last years: that it might all prove ephemeral, that the exertions, the suffering, the Long March, the brutal leadership struggles would be but a brief incident in the triumphant, passive persistence of a millennial culture which had tamed all previous upheavals. "The Chairman's writings moved a nation and have changed

the world," said Nixon. "I have not been able to change it," replied Mao, not without pathos. "I have only been able to change a few places in the vicinity of Peking."

To Mao, Communism was the truth. But he—alone among all the fathers of 20th century Communism—espied a deeper truth. Millions had died for a classless society, but it dawned on Mao that the enthusiasm of revolutionary fervor and the stifling controls necessary to transform a society would both in time run up against the traditions of his people, whom he both loved and hated. The country that had invented the civil service would turn the Communist bureaucracy into a new mandarin class. The nation whose institutions had been shaped by Confucius into instruments for instilling universal ethics would before long absorb and transform the materialist Western philosophy imposed on it by its latest dynasty.

Unable to bear the thought that the new was turning into a confirmation of what he had sought to destroy, Mao launched himself into ever more frenzied campaigns to save his people from themselves. Many revolutions have been made to seize power and to destroy existing structures. Never has their maker undertaken a task so tremendous and possessed as to continue the revolution by deliberate systematic upheavals directed against the very system he had created. No institution was immune. Each decade he would smash his own work, forgoing modernization, shaking up the bureaucracy, purging its leadership, resisting progress in order to maintain undefined values that could be implemented, if at all, by a simple peasant society.

One of history's monumental ironies is that probably no one better understood the inherent dilemmas of Communism than the titanic figure who made the Chinese Revolution. Pragmatic Maoism leads to mandarinism, nationalism and institutionalized privilege. His critique of Soviet Russia was so wounding to the Russians because it was essentially true. But truly revolutionary Communism leads to stagnation, insecurity, international irrelevance, and the continuing destruction of disciples by new votaries who prefer purity to permanence.

Until his death Mao resisted modernization because it would destroy China's uniqueness, and he fought institutionalization because it banked China's ideological zeal. It has been said that revolutions destroy their makers. The opposite was true of Mao: he was the maker who destroyed one revolutionary wave after another. He fought the implications of his own revolution as fiercely as he did the institutions he had originally overthrown. But he had set a goal beyond human capacity. In his last months, bereft of speech, able to act only a few hours a day, he had passion strong enough for one last outburst against the pragmatists. And then that great, demonic, prescient, overwhelming personality disappeared like the great Emperor Qin Shihuang-di (Ch'in Shih Huang-ti), with whom he often compared himself while dreading the oblivion which was his fate. And his words to Nixon, like so much of what he said and attempted, had the ring of prophecy: "I have only been able to change a few places in the vicinity of Peking."

(tor with a smile both penetrating and slightly mocking, warning by his bearing that there was no point in seeking to deceive this specialist in the foibles and duplicity of man. I have met no one, with the possible exception of Charles de Gaulle, who so distilled raw, concentrated will power. He was planted there with a female attendant close by to help steady him (and on my last visits to hold him up); he dominated the room—not by the pomp that in most states confers a degree of majesty on leaders, but by exuding the overwhelming drive to prevail.

In his presence even Chou seemed a secondary figure, though some of this effect was undoubtedly by design. Chou was too intelligent not to understand that the No. 2 position in China was precarious to the point of being suicidal. None of his predecessors had survived. (Neither, in fact, did he. I am convinced—though I cannot prove it—that only illness and death saved him from an assault by what was later called the Gang of Four, tolerated if not backed by Mao.)

Mao's impact was all the more impressive because it was so incongruous in relation to his physical condition. Before our first meeting he had already suffered a series of debilitating strokes. He could move only with difficulty. Words seemed to leave his bulk as if with great reluctance; they were ejected from his vocal cords in gusts, each of which seemed to require a new rallying of physical force until enough strength had been assembled to tear forth another round of pungent declarations. In my last private meeting with him, in October 1975, Mao could barely speak; he croaked general sounds that aides wrote down and then showed him to make sure they had understood before translating. Yet even then, in the shadow of death, Mao's thoughts were lucid and sardonic.

Mao, in contrast to all other political leaders I have known, almost never engaged in soliloquies. Not for him were the prepared points most statesmen use, either seemingly extemporaneously or learned from notes. His meaning emerged from a Socratic dialogue that he guided effortlessly and with deceptive casualness.

Mao could be brutal in cutting to the heart of a problem. On one of my later trips I commented to Deng Xiaoping (Teng Hsiao-p'ing) that the relations of our two countries were on a sound basis because neither asked anything of the other. The next day Mao firmly rebutted my banality: "If neither side had anything to ask from the other, why would you be coming to Peking? If neither side had anything to ask, then why... would we want to receive you and the President?"

This was the colossus into whose presence we were now being ushered. He greeted Nixon with his characteristic sideways glance. "Our common old friend, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, doesn't approve of this," he joked, taking Nixon's hand in both his own. Nixon made an eloquent statement of his long journey from anti-Communism to Peking, based on the proposition that the foreign policy interests of the two countries were compatible and neither threatened the other. Mao



Atop the Great Wall during October 1971 visit to China

used the occasion to give us an important assurance: "Neither do we threaten Japan or South Korea."

Later on, as I comprehended better the many-layered design of Mao's conversation, I understood that it was like the courtyards in the Forbidden City, each leading to a deeper recess distinguished from the others only by slight changes of proportion, with ultimate meaning residing in a totality that only long reflection could grasp. Mao was elliptical, for instance, in conveying his decision to expand trade and exchanges with us. He couched this in the form of an explanation of China's slowness in responding to American initiatives over two years. China had been "bureaucratic" in its approach, he said, in insisting all along that the major issues had to be settled before smaller issues like trade and people-to-people exchanges could be addressed. "Later on I saw you were right, and we played table tennis." This was more than a recitation of history and a disarming apology; it meant that there would be progress with respect to trade and exchanges at the summit. Mao, in short, had willed the visit to be a success.

Mao delicately placed the issue of Taiwan on a subsidiary level, choosing to treat it as a relatively minor internal Chinese dispute. What concerned him was the international context—that is, the Soviet Union. To a long disquisition by Nixon on the question of which of the nuclear superpowers, the United States or the Soviet Union, presented a greater threat, Mao replied: "At the present time, the question of aggression from the United States or aggression from China is relatively small. . . . You want to withdraw some of your troops back on your soil; ours do not go abroad." By a process of elimination, the Soviet Union was clearly Mao's principal security concern. Equally important was the elliptical assurance, later repeated by Chou, that removed the nightmare of two Administrations—that China might intervene in Indochina militarily. In foreclosing Chinese military intervention abroad and in the comments on Japan and South Korea, Mao was telling us that Peking would not challenge vital American interests.

"After our encounter with history," writes Kissinger, "we turned to the practical issue of how to distill from it a direction for policy." Over the next four days Kissinger spent some 22 hours with Chinese officials resolving issues in the communiqué.

Explosion in Hangzhou

Meanwhile, the Peking summit unfolded on other levels as well. Sightseeing trips went off as magnificent spectacles. Hordes of television commentators and journalists converged on each set piece, eager to record the profound thoughts of the leading actors. "This is a great wall," said Nixon to the assembled press at the Great Wall, placing his seal of approval on one of mankind's most impressive creations.

The symbolic events continued each evening. Banquets in the capital took place in the gigantic Great Hall of the People that commemorates the Communist takeover. Each Chinese at the table concentrated on making sure every American plate was filled with heaps of food. And then, of course, came the endless rounds of toasts. We drank *mao-tai*, that deadly brew which in my view is not used for airplane fuel only because it is too readily combustible. I received graphic proof of this when Nixon on his return to Washington sought to illustrate the liquid's potency to his daughter Tricia. He poured a bottle of it into a bowl and set it afire. To his horror the fire would not go out; the bowl burst and sent flaming *mao-tai* across the table top. The frantic combined efforts of the First Family managed to extinguish the fire just before a national tragedy occurred.

Each Chinese around the table would drink only by toasting an American. This was done with a cheery "*gan-bei*"—which means "bottoms up" and is taken literally. Exuberance mounted as such evenings progressed. Fortunately, the banquet toasts were prepared ahead of time, and were read. Only in Shanghai did euphoria carry one away when Nixon proposed what sounded like a defensive military alliance in his only extempor-

Chou En-lai



When I met Chou in 1971, he had been a leader of the Chinese Communist movement for nearly 50 years. He had been the only Premier the People's Republic had had—nearly 22 years—and for nine of those years he had also been Foreign Minister. He was equally at home in philosophy, reminiscence, historical analysis, tactical probes, humorous repartee. His command of facts, in particular his knowledge of American events and, for that matter,

of my own background, was stunning. There was little wasted motion either in his words or in his movements. Both reflected the inner tensions of a man concerned, as he stressed, with the endless daily problems of a people of 800 million and the effort to preserve ideological faith.

Chou could display an extraordinary personal graciousness. When junior members of our party took ill, he would visit them. Despite the gap in our protocol rank, he insisted that our meetings alternate between my residence and the Great Hall of the People. The Chinese seemed to regard him with special reverence, to see in him all their leaders a special human quality. On a visit in late 1975 I asked a young interpreter about Chou's health; tears brimmed in her eyes as she told me he was gravely ill. It was no accident that he was so deeply mourned in China after his death, or that the extraordinary expressions of yearning for greater freedom that appeared in China in the late 1970s invoked and praised his name. He was one of the two or three most impressive men I have ever met. I had no illusions about the system Chou represented. Yet when Chou died, I felt a great sadness. The world would be less vibrant, the prospects less clearly seen. Neither of us had ever forgotten that our relationship was essentially ambiguous or overlooked the possibility that as history is counted our two countries' paths might be parallel for only a fleeting moment. After that, they might well find themselves again on opposite sides. But one of the rewards of my public life has been that I could work with a great man across the barriers of ideology in the endless struggle of statesmen to rescue some permanence from the tenuousness of human foresight.

neous toast of the trip. (He said: "We join the Chinese people, we the American people, in our dedication to this principle: That never again shall foreign domination, foreign occupation, be visited upon this city or any part of China or any independent country in this world.") Luckily, by that hour the press was too far gone itself.

It would be pleasant to report that after our departure from Peking, the business portion of the trip was completed. And indeed Hangzhou (Hangchow), at the mouth of the lower Yangtze River, is one of the most beautiful cities in China. Ambassador Huang Zhen (Huang Chen) in Paris had told General Vernon Walters, the U.S. military attaché there, of a Chinese saying that there were two places worth seeing: Heaven above and Hangzhou below. The setting was reduced to Nixonian prose when the President pointed out to Chou En-lai on visiting the West Lake that the scene "looks like a postcard."

The mood of the American party did not match the tranquility of the scenery. On the plane to Hangzhou the State Department experts were given the communiqué, in the preparation of which they had had no part. No sooner had we arrived in Hangzhou than Secretary Rogers submitted a list of amendments prepared by his staff, as numerous as they were trivial. Nixon was beside himself. He dreaded a right-wing assault

on the communiqué. Leaks that the State Department was unhappy about American concessions might well be the trigger. He also knew that reopening the communiqué after the Chinese had been told he agreed to it might well sour his trip. He was so exercised that he started storming about the beautiful guesthouse in Hangzhou in his underwear. He would "do something" about the State Department at the first opportunity—a threat he had made at regular intervals since my first interview with him those many years ago at the Pierre Hotel, and never specified or implemented. I recommended that I have a go at it after dinner. If the Chinese insisted on the existing draft, we would have no choice but to stick with our commitment.

The Chinese were unhappy, but eventually the differences, many of them extremely minor, were papered over. As the Americans headed home, Kissinger weighed the significance of the trip.

NIXON: "LONELY, TORMENTED"

Nothing is more askew than the popular image of Nixon as an imperial President barking orders at cowed subordinates. Nixon hated to give direct orders—especially to those who might disagree with him. He rarely disciplined anybody; he would never face down a Cabinet member. When he met insubordination he sought to accomplish his objective without the offender's being aware of it. Over time this led to a fragmented Administration in which under pressure almost every member looked out for himself. In the sense of isolation this produced in Nixon and the lack of cohesion among his team lay one of the root causes of Watergate.

Nixon's fear of rebuffs caused him to make proposals in such elliptical ways that it was often difficult to tell what he was driving at, whether in fact he was suggesting anything specific at all. To Nixon, words were like billiard balls; what mattered was not the initial impact but the carom.

Every President since Kennedy seems to have trusted his White House aides more than his Cabinet. In Nixon's case the role of the assistants was magnified by the work habits of the President. Nixon tended to work in spurts. During periods when he withdrew, he counted on his assistants to carry on the day-to-day decisions; during spasms of extreme activity, he relied on his assistants to screen his more impetuous commands. They were needed to prevent the face-to-face confrontations he so disliked and dreaded. And they were to protect Nixon against impulsive orders or the tendency to agree with the visitors he did receive. White House Adviser H.R. Haldeman's staff system did not "isolate" the President as was often alleged; Nixon insisted on isolating himself; it was the only way in which he could marshal his psychological resources.

It was part of the assistant's task—expected by Nixon—to winnow out those "decisions" that he really did not mean to have implemented. A good rule of thumb was that the President's seriousness was in inverse proportion to the frequency of his commands and the emphasis with which they were put forward. Haldeman's indispensability derived from his extraordinary instinct for fathoming what his mercurial boss really had in mind. Haldeman was later disgraced for orders he carried out; he must be given his due for those he ignored or mitigated. In foreign policy I had this responsibility.

The response was electric to a speech Nixon gave on Nov. 3, 1969, appealing to the "Silent Majority" to support the U.S. role in Viet Nam. From the minute the speech ended, the White House switchboard was clogged with congratulatory phone calls. Tens of thousands of supportive telegrams arrived. Nixon was

For all their charm and ideological fervor, China's leaders were the most unsentimental practitioners of balance-of-power politics I have encountered. Mao and Chou, practicing statesmanship in which ideology reinforced history and culture to confer assurance, found a natural partner in Nixon. Nonetheless it would be dangerous in the extreme to assume that Chinese objectives and ours are in all respects identical.

We did not have any illusions about the nature of the new relationship. Peking and Washington were entering a marriage of convenience. Once China becomes strong enough to stand alone, it might discard us. Before then, the Soviet Union might be driven into a genuine relaxation of tensions with us—if it has not first sought to break out of its isolation by a military assault on China. But whatever China's long-term policy, our medium-term interest was to cooperate, and to support its security against foreign pressures.

elated. Professing indifference to public adulation, he nevertheless relished those few moments of acclaim that came his way. He kept the congratulatory telegrams stacked on his desk in such numbers that the Oval Office could not be used for work, and for days he refused to relinquish them.

In early 1971 an operation against the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos was being weighed. Nixon was determined not to stand naked in front of his critics as he had the year before over Cambodia. This time he would involve his key Cabinet officers in the decision making, to force them to take some of the heat of the inevitable public criticism. But this determination did not extend to confronting both Secretary of State Rogers and Secretary of Defense Laird at the same time. Judging Rogers to be the most likely recalcitrant, Nixon conceived the idea of first maneuvering Laird into the position of proposing what Nixon preferred, and then letting his Secretary of Defense become the advocate of the plan within the National Security Council. He therefore considered it time well spent to preside over a succession of meetings, each covering exactly the same topic. For each meeting one more participant was added—someone whose view Nixon did not know in advance or whom he judged to be potentially hostile. The theory was that any recalcitrant was more likely to go along with a consensus backed by the President than with a free-for-all. By late January, I had heard the same briefing at least three times and was approaching battle fatigue. Nixon was earning high marks for acting ability. He listened each time as if he were hearing the plan for the first time. His questions—always the same—were designed to convey to the new recruit that his chief was well disposed. And since everybody else had already agreed, it took a strong individual to stand his ground in opposition. No one tried.

Nixon's journey to a decision was often tortuous. But when the final moment of decision was reached, nervous agitation would give way to a calm decisiveness. At moments of real crisis Nixon would be coldly analytical. He would withdraw to the Executive Office Building. He would sit there with his yellow pad, working out his choices. He would call in close associates, going over the same questions again and again until one almost began to hope some catastrophe would provide a pretext for going back to one's own office to work. But once launched on the process he would—in foreign policy matters—invariably get to the essence of the problem and take the courageous course, even if it seemed to risk his political interest.

Nixon and his senior staff went to Perino's Restaurant in Los Angeles after the surprise announcement on July 15, 1971, of his forthcoming visit to China. The President reveled in his triumph,

WHITE HOUSE YEARS

moving slowly to our table in a booth in a corner, savoring the congratulations of some diners and inviting the good wishes of others who had not yet heard the news. We celebrated with crab legs and a bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild 1961. As we left he lingered once again in the foyer, stopping guests by introducing me as the man who had traveled to Peking, to the puzzlement of several who had not been glued to the television set. It was a touching occasion. In his hour of achievement Richard Nixon was oddly vulnerable, waiting expectantly for recognition without quite being able to bridge the gulf by which he had isolated himself from his fellow men. In this sense the scene at Perino's symbolized the triumph and tragedy of Richard Nixon.

On Aug. 19, 1971, Nixon stopped in Dallas and (proving that presidential minds run in tandem) uttered the following memorable words: "The great challenge of peace is for each of us individually and for all of us, as 'one nation under God,' to rededicate ourselves to this magnificent American dream. With this as our moral equivalent of war, we can move into a generation of peace." It was hard to go wrong with a platform that offered peace as the moral equivalent of war.

[Before his secret visit to Moscow in April 1972, Kissinger met with Nixon.] A fuller account will have to await release of the relevant Nixon tape recordings. My only source is the notes I jotted down on the yellow pad that was standard equipment in the Oval Office. According to them, my instructions were not free of Nixon's customary hyperbole. I was to stress that the summit had the potential of being the most important diplomatic encounter "of this century." My notes also contain the detailed characterization of Nixon that I should give Brezhnev: "Direct, honest, strong... fatalistic—to him election [is] not the key. Will not be affected one iota by public opinion."

The strangest period in Nixon's presidency followed his overwhelming victory on Nov. 7, 1972. As his hour of triumph approached, Nixon withdrew ever more. His resentments, usually so well controlled, came increasingly to the surface. It was as if victory was not an occasion for reconciliation but an opportunity to settle the scores of a lifetime.

Nixon's mood came to expression the morning after the election. The White House staff had been awake much of the previous night celebrating his victory, though even then the festivities seemed to lack the boisterous spontaneity that usually marked such events. The President was too withdrawn and shadowy a figure for most of his followers. And yet there was great pride in an Administration that had steered the country into a period of hopeful tranquility.

The good feeling was shattered within twelve hours. The White House staff had been asked to assemble at 11 a.m. in the Roosevelt Room. On the dot Nixon strode in. He seemed not at all elated. Rather, he was grim and remote. Nothing in his demeanor betrayed that he was meeting associates from perilous and trying times; he acted as if they were from a past now irrevocably finished. Without sitting down, he thanked the assembled group in a perfunctory manner. After about five minutes he turned the meeting over to Haldeman and left.

Haldeman wasted no time getting to the point. Every member of the White House staff was to submit his resignation immediately; we were to fill out a form listing the documents in our possession. The President would announce his personnel decisions for the new term within a month. The audience was stunned. It was the morning after a triumph, and they were



Conferring with Nixon after a secret visit to Paris in 1972

being, in effect, fired. Victory seemed to have released a pent-up hostility so overwhelming that it would not wait even a week to surface; it engulfed colleagues and associates as well as opponents. The same appalling performance was repeated with the Cabinet an hour later.

Nixon had always felt cheated because the narrowness of his 1968 victory and the pressures of Viet Nam had prevented a housecleaning of the bureaucracy, which he had mistrusted as packed with holdover Democrats. Still, it does not explain the frenzied, almost maniacal sense

of urgency about this political butchery. To ask for resignations en masse within hours of being elected, to distribute forms obviously mimeographed during a campaign in which many of the victims had been working themselves to a frazzle, was wounding and humiliating. Nixon's later troubles had other causes, of course; yet he surely deprived himself of much sympathy by conveying in his hour of triumph an impression of such total vindictiveness and insensitivity to those who were well disposed to him. (I was not directly affected, having been told by Haldeman that my letter of resignation would be a formality.)

Triumph seemed to bring no succor to him. He withdrew into a seclusion even deeper and more impenetrable than in his years of struggle. Isolation had become almost a spiritual necessity to this withdrawn, lonely and tormented man. It was hard to avoid the impression that Nixon, who thrived on crisis, also craved disasters.

During the second Inauguration (Jan. 20, 1973), Nixon moved as if he were himself a spectator, not the principal. There was about him a quality of remoteness, as if he could never quite bring himself to leave the inhospitable and hostile world that he inhabited, that he may have hated but at least had come to terms with. Perhaps it was simple shyness or fatalism; perhaps it was consciousness of a looming catastrophe.

What extraordinary vehicles destiny selects to accomplish its design. This man, so lonely in his hour of triumph, so ungenerous in some of his motivations, had navigated our nation through one of the most anguishing periods in its history. He had striven for a revolution in American foreign policy so that it would overcome the disastrous oscillations between overcommitment and isolation. Despised by the Establishment, ambiguous in his human perceptions, he had yet held fast, determined to prove that the strongest free country had no right to abdicate. What would have happened had the Establishment about which he was so ambivalent shown him some love? Would he have withdrawn deeper into the wilderness of his resentments, or would an act of grace have liberated him? By now it no longer mattered. Enveloped in an intractable solitude, he nevertheless saw before him a vista of promise to which few statesmen have been blessed to aspire, a new international order that would reduce lingering enmities, strengthen friendships and give new hope to emerging nations. He was alone in his moment of triumph on a pinnacle that was soon to turn into a precipice.

Next Week

"I cannot yet write about Viet Nam except with pain and sadness." So begins Part 2 of TIME's excerpts from Henry Kissinger's memoirs, an inside the White House view of the battles and bombings, the protests and posturings, the secret negotiations and public proclamations that finally led, in January 1973, to the signing of a peace treaty.

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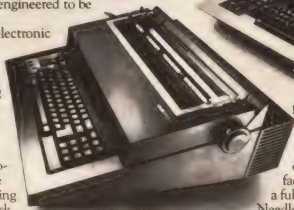
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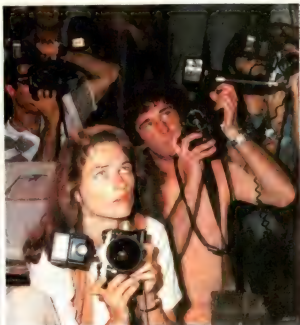
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People



British Actress Charlotte Rampling with camera at Paris fashion show

Shoot *alors!* as the French might say. Who was that pulchritudinous *paparazza*, knee to floor, eye to Pentax, kneeling for focusing space at Paris' men's ready-to-wear fashion show? It was British Actress **Charlotte Rampling** (*The Night Porter*) on assignment for *Vogue Hommes*. Rampling discovered still cameras two years ago. Since then, she has been shooting whenever she isn't being shot for the movies. "Photography is like a time span of all the people I love and meet," she explains. Due in New York this week to begin work in **Woody Allen's** next film, Rampling will have to cap her lenses temporarily and leave behind her favorite subjects, Musician Husband **Jean-Michel**

Jarre, their three children and the other Woody in her time span, her cat.

As **Maurice Chevalier** once sang in bordello baritone to introduce **Lerner and Loewe's** *Gigi*, little girls grow up in the most delightful way. **Leslie Caron** certainly has: 21 years after the movie, the apprentice courtesan has matured into a Parisian Mrs. Robinson enticing or seducing three of her daughter's male school friends in a new French film *Tous Vedettes* (*All Stars*). At 48, Caron remains alluringly convincing as Lucille, the French actress who has come home to Paris from Hollywood successes to amuse herself with *l'amour*. The



John Kennedy, son of the late President, at Brown University concert



Reza Pahlavi at Williams College

daughter is played by **Kitty Kortès-Lynch**, 20, an American actress who looks so much like her celluloid mother that audiences are bound to be fooled. Thank heaven not only for little girls but also for central casting.

The halls of ivy boast two new VIP scions this fall. **Reza Pahlavi**, 18, oldest son of the deposed Shah of Iran, has enrolled at Williams College. Though shadowed by bodyguards, the Iranian crown prince is trying to be just another Williams Ephman (after Founder Ephraim Williams), even to turning out for intramural soccer. At Brown Uni-

versity, meanwhile, **John Kennedy**, 18, lolled through an outdoor concert in an open-throat shirt that showed off his handsome physique. Entering Brown, Kennedy forsook his family's longtime ties to Harvard. One explanation was that he wanted to get away from tradition and establish his own identity. Another was that Brown allows students to design more of their own majors than does Harvard.

In diplomacy, what's past is past and sometimes repast. Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance**, raising funds to redo rooms and enhance the antiques in the State Department's elegant eighth-floor reception suite for foreign dignitaries, invited 177 well-heeled guests to a \$1,000-a-plate dinner in Foggy Bottom. The appetizers included quail eggs stuffed with caviar and a bipartisan receiving line comprising Vance and his three living predecessors: **Henry Kissinger**, **William Rogers** and **Dean Rusk**. They and the guests sat down to a dinner of rockfish, roast pheasant, oyster plant on artichoke bottoms, wild rice with water chestnuts, saimagundi salad and brie, along with a '76 Pommar and toasts in '69 Dom Pérignon. It was a menu that first Secretary of State **Thomas Jefferson** might have served. But to 177 people? Only if Jefferson too charged \$1,000 a plate, most likely.



Leslie Caron and Kitty Kortès-Lynch, her daughter from central casting



Backed by his Liberty Baptist choir, Falwell leads an "I Love America" rally on the steps of the Ohio state capitol in Columbus

Religion

Politicizing the Word

The Rev. Jerry Falwell says God has a message for Caesar

The figure is imposing—tall, a bit jowly, dressed like a businessman in a dark three-piece suit. The backdrop, massed American flags and a 33-member choir of attractive college kids scrubbed to a sparkle, is Fourth of July inspiring. The words are measured out in an avuncular bass. God loves America above all nations, the preacher says, but the U.S. is sure giving heaven a hard time. Amens come from the crowd as the pastor inveighs against all the "infidels and in-forn-hells." He scourges the Federal Government for fostering socialism, the public school system for making "humanism" its religion and Hollywood for making the nation think dirty. Holding up a Bible, he admonishes: "If a man stands by this book, vote for him. If he doesn't, don't."

The road show is called the "I Love America" rally. The author, producer and star is the Rev. Jerry Falwell, 46, a Baptist out of Lynchburg, Va. Back home, Falwell is the hyperactive founder and director of a religious empire that includes a thriving church, schools and charitable and fund-raising programs. Thanks to his *Old-Time Gospel Hour*, seen on 324 television stations in the U.S., Canada and the Caribbean, he is also one of the top stars of the "electric church." All told, his enterprises employ 950 people and have an annual budget of \$56 million.

Now Falwell is moving in a big way into political activism on the national scene. His patriotic rally made its debut at the capitol in Richmond Sept. 13. Last

week, with an entourage of 50 (choir, soloists, sound technicians, a bodyguard), he went to Columbus, and Harrisburg, Pa. This week it will be Albany. In cooperation with Washington-based New Right political groups, he has just organized his first purely secular enterprise, Moral Majority Inc., and plans to hit all 50 states within 18 months. He sees Moral Majority as a much needed antidote to progressive public interest organizations like Common Cause. Senior Correspondent Laurence I. Barrett traveled with Falwell during the first week of his campaign. Barrett's report:

Jerry Falwell's explanation of his move to politics seems simple: "God wanted me to look beyond Lynchburg. We cannot be isolationists. We've got to have the world upon our hearts." Falwell is a fundamentalist. "The entire Bible," he insists, "from *Genesis* to *Revelation*, is the inerrant word of God, and totally accurate in all respects." As Falwell reads Scripture, it stands foursquare against abortion, gay rights, feminism, excessive welfare programs, pornography, tolerance of Communist expansion and SALT II.

Falwell enjoys taking big risks, like starting up a new college from scratch in less than a year, as he did with Liberty Baptist College, begun in 1971. Now Falwell is betting that his views, values and chauvinist spirit will strike a plangent chord in the hearts of millions of conservative Protestants, many of whom have

thus far been politically apathetic.

Falwell brings to his crusade plenty of preacherly skills, the energy of two or three men and a gift for administration commonly associated with hierarchical churches but rare among anarchical Baptists. At Brookville High School in Lynchburg (pop. 85,000), he earned straight A's and starred in basketball and baseball. But he was also famous as Lynchburg's champion prankster. Fusty authorities denied him the valedictorian's podium, when he graduated in 1950, for such capers as locking up a teacher in a supply closet. Today there is no one to punish him when he sets off a stink bomb in his singers' airplane before running for his own Commander jet.

Until age 18 Falwell was only a nominal churchgoer. As a sophomore at Lynchburg College he became "born again," and promptly transferred to Baptist Bible College in Springfield, Mo. In 1956, armed with very little more than a brand-new degree in Bible studies, he founded the Thomas Road Baptist Church, and started a radio program. A local television show followed six months later. The broadcasts helped attract members to Thomas Road and within a few years the church was flourishing and spawning good works: a treatment center for alcoholics, a summer camp for children, missionary work overseas, an academy that now runs from nursery school through twelfth grade, eventually the college and a graduate-level seminary. Thomas Road, with 17,000 baptized members, is self-supporting. Everything else relies heavily on contributions from viewers of the *Old-Time Gospel Hour*.

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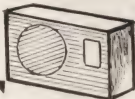
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Religion

his expanding endeavors. Falwell constantly asks for money. He urges his congregants to give at least one-tenth of their incomes; about half pay the tithe. Every TV broadcast carries an appeal for cash. Names of more than 2 million families who have contributed are kept in a computer bank. At least one of his recent mailings—Falwell disclaims knowledge of it—implies monetary reward for religious commitment. The passage printed over his name says, "Maybe your financial situation seems impossible. Put Jesus first in your stewardship and allow Him to bless you financially."

Falwell was reared to believe that segregation was the natural order of things, but he changed his view as a young pastor and began baptizing blacks in the early '60s. Still, the faculty of his Lynchburg Christian Academy is all white, and among 1,147 pupils enrolled this semester, only five are black. Where his schools are concerned, he admits, "I don't think we've gone after blacks aggressively."

The political crusade of the Moral Majority, Falwell says, must transcend racial and religious lines. He wants to rally

"Jews, Catholics, Protestants and nothings" who share his social views. He has always been an ardent Zionist, and preaches that one reason God favors America is that America "has blessed the Jew—his chosen people." But when he got to that subject at the Richmond rally, he admitted that some in his audience might still be anti-Semitic. "And I know why you don't like the Jew," he went on. "He can make more money accidentally than you can make on purpose."

His fundamentalist following so far remains overwhelmingly white and heavy with farmers, blue-collar workers and small businessmen. He cannot get too far out in front of them politically. That may not be a problem. On issues, he says, he has always been conservative down the line. Asked if he could recall a single instance in which he had ever taken what would be considered the liberal side of an important public question, he thought for a moment, chuckled and replied: "No, I guess there is no way you're going to be able to clean me up."

After each statehouse rally, he gives a

luncheon for local born-again pastors, hoping to enlist support for Moral Majority. He mentions the need for political ecumenism, and bemoans the fact that several million "conservative Christians"—his label for those who more or less agree with his reading of the Bible—do not vote. "If there is one person in this room not registered," he tells the pastors, "repent of it. It's a sin." That message must be repeated in every congregation, he says. The order of the day must be: "Get them saved, baptized and registered."

Falwell's habit of mixing religion with American chauvinism and military policy does not sit well with many born-again churchmen. Jimmy Allen of the First Baptist Church of San Antonio, Texas, and past president of the Southern Baptist Convention warns that allegiance with political organizations is dangerous for the church. Says he, "Jesus cannot be captured by any political or economic point of view." Falwell dismisses such criticism quickly: "The issue is survival. America must be turned around." As to his bellicosity, he remarks, "Jesus was not a pacifist. He was not a sissy."

Dance

Brouhaha at the Bolshoi

Two more visiting dancers make a grand jeté to freedom

Among problems caused for the Bolshoi Ballet by the defection of Alexander Godunov in New York City last month was finding a replacement for the company's most charismatic performer. Obviously, political reliability was as important as artistic talent. As the Bolshoi doggedly continued its tour to Chicago and Los Angeles, Artistic Director Yuri Grigorovich settled on a little-known principal to substitute for Godunov as

Prince Siegfried in *Swan Lake*.

Back in Moscow, the latest defections threw the volatile Bolshoi troupe into an uproar. "Nobody liked Kozlov anyway," said one of his former colleagues. Others privately conceded that the defections had shattered the Bolshoi's carefully nurtured image as the showcase of Soviet artistic superiority. Perhaps most galling was the expected curtailment of travel privileges;

the Bolshoi was unlikely to tour the U.S., or perhaps even Western Europe, for a long time to come. A purge was expected of secret police officials in charge of keeping the Bolshoi dancers in line, just as happened in 1961, after Nureyev's defection.

Grigorovich was already vulnerable because of fierce opposition within the company to his authoritarian rule; the defection could only make his position worse. It was said that he had insisted on taking Godunov to the U.S., and that he had compounded his error by thrusting Kozlov forward. In Moscow, he had previously been attacked in *Pravda* by one of his dancers for tampering with classics like *Romeo and Juliet* and *Swan Lake*.

Such great Bolshoi stars as Maya Plisetskaya and Vladimir Vasiliev so dislike his choreography that they have refused to dance in his ballets.

In New York, ballet insiders speculate that Godunov will make his first post-defection appearance when the American Ballet Theater opens its December season in Washington, D.C. Because the Kozlovs are not in a class with the spectacular Godunov, they will probably find a base in a less prestigious American or European company that will be glad to have a pair of superbly trained Bolshoi dancers.



Valentina and Leonid Kozlov in Los Angeles a week before their defection

Shattering the Bolshoi's carefully nurtured image of superiority

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Science

The Mysterious Celestial Twins

A pair of distant quasars stirs astronomers

Ofall the objects that astronomers have found in the skies, quasars are the most enigmatic. Though they resemble ordinary stars when viewed through optical telescopes, they are billions of light-years away, the farthestmost objects in the observable universe. But to be seen through ordinary telescopes and detected by radio telescopes at those distances, quasars must radiate more energy than entire galaxies, which are giant islands of billions of stars. Now, while trying to explain what quasars are and how they radiate so much energy, astronomers have been confronted by yet another mystery: twin quasars.

The first paired quasars were discovered last March by a trio of astronomers, Britons Dennis Walsh and Robert Carswell and American Ray Weymann, using the 2.1-meter (82-in.) telescope at the Kitt Peak National Observatory in Arizona. The quasars were about 10 billion light-years from earth (meaning that the light detected at Kitt Peak had left the objects 10 billion years ago), and both were receding from the earth at two-thirds the speed of light. What was most unusual was that they were only some 150,000 light-years apart—a stone's throw by cosmic standards—and had virtually identical light spectrums, which meant that their physical characteristics, as well as their velocities, were the same.

To the astronomers, this was too much of a coincidence. Writing in *Nature* last

*A light-year is 5.8 trillion miles, the distance that light travels in a year.

May, they suggested that what they might be seeing was two images of the same quasar. How was this possible? More than half a century ago, scientists realized a bizarre consequence of Einstein's general relativity theory: if a very massive object were located almost directly between the earth and a distant star, its tremendous gravity would act as a "gravitational lens" that could bend the starlight into two different paths. To produce the effect observed at Kitt Peak, the astronomers calculated, a huge galaxy or a black hole at least 10 trillion times as massive as the sun would be required.

The *Nature* report created a wave of excitement among scientists, and several teams focused their attention on the twin quasars. Among them were David Roberts, Perry Greenfield and Bernard Burke, all from M.I.T., who analyzed signals from the quasars received at the Very Large Array (VLA) antennas of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory near Socorro, N.M. What resulted was a radio map that, with one important exception, coincided with the images seen with the Kitt Peak telescope. The difference was that the sensitive radio antenna array discerned two jets of material that seemed to be shooting from one of the quasars. Explains Physicist Burke, "Quasars do have outbursts and send out material that gives off radio noise without producing much light."

That would explain the difference between the photograph and the radio picture. Trouble is that if the quasars are

really twin images formed by a gravitational lens from the light of a single quasar, they should be mirror images of each other. But, as Burke points out, "we don't see mirror images of the spraying material with the other quasar." The M.I.T. team and others plan more radio-telescope observations in the hopes of confirming that the jets are being ejected from one quasar and detecting similar ones streaming from the other. Concludes Burke, "If the mirror images are not found, it will make life very difficult for those who propose a gravitational lens."

Then how do the M.I.T. scientists explain the remarkable similarity in the velocities and chemical characteristics of the quasars? If both formed and evolved at about the same time and in the same environment, they say, there is every reason for them to be virtual twins. If they are indeed twins, scientists will try to make use of their proximity. Explains Burke, "If this is a pair of quasars and we find evidence of interaction, we could then measure their masses and get a better handle on what the nature of these objects might be." And because scientists see the quasars now as they were 10 billion years ago, studying the twins should teach them more about what the universe was like when it was very young.

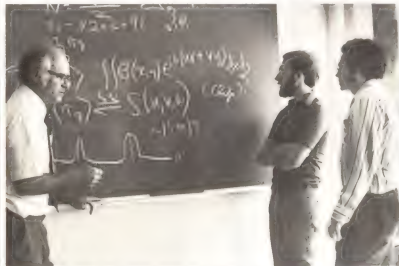
Ore Detector

Prospecting with sagebrush

Since 1972, geologists have studied Landsat satellite images of the earth's landscape to choose areas to explore for oil, gas, copper and other minerals. Now a scientist with the U.S. Geological Survey has studied such pictures and found that concentrations of sagebrush may indicate deposits of uranium.

Geologist Gary Raines reached that conclusion in 1977 when he studied images of a 13,000-sq.-km (5,000-sq.-mi.) section of the Powder River Basin in northeastern Wyoming and southeastern Montana, taken from 920 km (570 miles) above the earth. He noted that clusters of medium density sagebrush on the photographic maps fell in the same area as known uranium deposits. Further study showed that this type of vegetation pattern coincided with the kind of sandy shale rock formations that often accompany uranium deposits.

While his discovery is a valuable shortcut to mapping such rock formations, Raines says that deposits would not be found under every sagebrush patch. "This is only a geological mapping tool," he says. The technique has not yet uncovered new uranium deposits in the Powder River Basin, but Raines believes it may help to identify mineral-rich areas in other parts of the U.S., which private industry could explore.



Astrophysicists Burke, Greenfield and Roberts analyzing equations at M.I.T.

Enigmatic, 10 billion light-years away and eons old

Music



The Who at the Garden: "Confirmed in the eyes of the kids/ Emphasized with their fists"

A New Triumph for The Who

The seminal British rockers conquer New York

We needed to be reminded. Of all the promise and possibility of rock. Of its dangers, and the reasons for facing them down. Of its limits, and the necessity of testing them, trampling them and resetting them still higher. Whether there's a question of age, relevance and survival, or a more general concern about definition and direction, all doubts were settled, and all bets were off, when The Who played five sold-out dates at Madison Square Garden.

New Drummer Kenny Jones hit the downbeat. John Entwistle ran out a bass line as strong as a backbone. Roger Daltrey strutted and sang, and Pete Townshend, leaping, launched them all into *Substitute*. At that opening moment last week, The Who set new standards, redeemed old promises and put a few ghosts to rest. These concerts may become not only one of the seminal rock events of 1979 but a route dynamited into the new decade.

Throughout their 15-year history of standout record sales (U.S. and Canada totals: over 10 million) and intramural brawling, The Who have always pushed hard, even when they were teasing their audience and torturing themselves, and the band's loyalists have responded with exacting, even grueling, expectations.

There were times when The Who, and Townshend in particular, were unable to deliver. Sometimes, too, Townshend even questioned his own willingness to deliver. At times like these—around the release of *Who Are You* in 1978 and the

death that year of Drummer Keith Moon at 32—a certain kind of frantic hopelessness sets in, and the fans respond with a terrible wounded fury, with their own dark suspicions that, as Townshend once wrote, "the song is over."

The indelible message of the Garden concerts was survival. The Who spent the '70s riding out the trends and passing tem-



John Entwistle, Kenny Jones, Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend take a bow. Surviving on wild momentum and an indestructible covenant with fans.

pests of this irresolute rock-musical decade. Now they are ready to rise above them. Since Moon was their prime anarchic spirit, a blithe and murderous clown as well as a killer drummer, his passing could have taken the edge of risk and controlled madness from the band, left them without a storm center. But the unsentimental truth has proved to be that the lessons of geometry do not necessarily apply, and that in rock the whole is sometimes greater than the sum of its parts. The Who endure partly on their own wild momentum, partly on the strength of Townshend's compositions—some of the most brilliant, adventurous and lacerating in all rock—and partly on the indestructibility of the covenant with the fans, who

will never let their band off easy.

Townshend, 34, has been wrestling with the dynamic connection between his audience and his music ever since he wrote *My Generation*. One, indeed, is the life's blood of the other. Early songs like *My Generation* (with its stuttered chorus, "Why don't you all f-f-f-fade away") and *The Kids Are Alright* were youth anthems in the best sense, brash and savage declarations of independence. Even the rock opera *Tommy*, with its dazzling music locked in perpetual combat with a convoluted narrative, passed the palm to the audience as Tommy sang to his followers: "Listening to you I get the music/ Gazing at you I get the heat." Reverse the title of *Who Are You*, and the point comes clear: listen to *Music Must Change*, one of the album's best cuts, and Townshend's fusion of music and audience is complete: "Deep in the back of my mind is an unrealized sound... Confirmed in the eyes of the kids/ Emphasized with their fists."

Fists were raised in delirious salute throughout much of the 2½-hour Garden concerts as the fans and the band urged each other on. Among contemporary musicians, only Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band have the same force. They share a kindred commitment to the fans, and a similar ambition: to shake up and exalt the audience, to disturb the peace. This kind of rock-'n'-roll communion is strictly hard-core. The limousine crowd does not turn out in force for a Who date, and the concerts are not likely to be the topic of lively debate around Elaine's.

Leave that audience to the Rolling Stones, who like to look like something scraped off a bad piece of cheese and who play for people who mostly hear rock during binges at their favorite boutique. The Who still play for the kids, an audience that has nothing to do with age. These kids are anyone for whom rock 'n' roll is far from entertainment and closer to a matter of life and death.

The tour is done now. In typically eccentric Who fashion, the concerts were staged only in the New York area, partly to plug a tough and raucous film version of *Quadrophenia*, Townshend's ambitious chronicle of the battles between the mods and the rockers in the back streets and beach resorts of 1960s Britain. Much more, though, the appearance seems like a testing of the waters that turned into a tidal wave. Word is that The Who will be back in the States come December, making a wider swing along the East Coast and through the Midwest, and demonstrating that they can still sing "Hope I die before I get old" with passion and impunity. What a way to bring in the '80s.

—Jay Cocks

Architecture

Vancouver's Dazzling Center

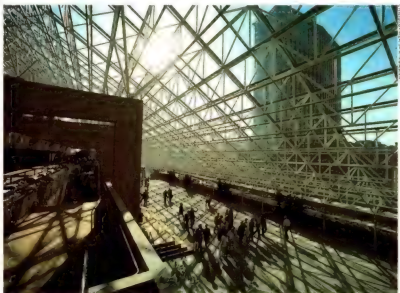
Arthur Erickson designs an airy, elegant masterpiece

North Americans have built handsome cities and grown tired of them, as children grow tired of their presents after Christmas. Few architects are as aware of such urban waste as Canada's Arthur Erickson, 54, and few have done more to restore vitality to the inner city. His latest and most ambitious undertaking is a combination of function and fantasy in the heart of his native Vancouver. Formally opened in September, the down-

Inca temple reflecting the spectacular beauty of the Pacific rim on which it sits.

The greatest public attraction is the piazza named Robson Square, after 19th century British Columbia Premier John Robson. A summer mecca for alfresco lunchers and outdoor shows by dance and theater groups, the square has two indoor theaters, three restaurants, a cosmopolitan food fair, an exhibition hall and an

glass, and concrete that was mixed so that it turns a warm rose-buff color in Vancouver's frequent rains. Erickson calls concrete "the marble of our time." The building's major functional departure is a system of security "envelopes" that effectively separate the judiciary, administrative staff, prisoners and the public, in contrast to the standard courthouse hurly-burly. In addition to 35 highly visible courtrooms (some can even be seen from the street), the building has accommodations for 62 judges, with a 30,000-volume law library and a room in which student groups and the public will be instructed in the workings of the law by closed-circuit TV. Its most strik-



The great hall of the courthouse rises seven stories to a shimmering glass roof

Luring city dwellers downtown with pools, patios, blossoms and bistros, and buildings designed around the people they house.

town complex has already put new fizz in the life of a provincial city.

Erickson's oeuvre in Canada's largest West Coast city is a multilevel, three-block megastructure that blends greenery, glass, pools and waterfalls, ramps, steps and terraces, domes, blossoms and trees. It unites a large suntan piazza, a luxurious office building for the British Columbia government and a seven-story courthouse covered with a shimmering glass roof that is one of the biggest (53,000 sq. ft.) of its kind in the world. In patios and mini-parks, the three blocks encompass the most extensive urban planting of trees, shrubs, vines and ground covers of any North American city: more than 50,000 indigenous maples, dogwoods, pines, brooms, junipers, sword ferns, rhododendrons, yews and creeping roses. In some green areas, traffic cannot be seen—or heard over the splashing of waterfalls. To some, the sloping, low-rise structure resembles an

outdoor ice- or roller-skating rink. From the eastern end of the square, zigzagging tiers of steps lead through a sylvan setting to the government office building, which has rooftop pools and waterfalls tumbling over large picture windows. The building's 127,000 sq. ft. of open office space (for only 900 workers) is separated according to function by low dividers and jungles of greenery.

Across a bridge and a pond is Erickson's most controversial creation: the courthouse, an airy, elegant edifice that opens the murky moil of the law to the light and the public gaze. (It replaces a 67-year-old neoclassical structure that, on the architect's insistence, was left standing; it will eventually house the Vancouver Art Gallery.) While planning the structure, Erickson and his staff consulted judges, lawyers and police and studied new courthouse designs around the world. The result is a daring structure of steel,



Architect and waterfall

ing feature is its great hall, which rises seven stories to the glass roof. From floor to floor, a profusion of trailing vines and shrubs creates the illusion of a Babylonian hanging garden. The hall and many planted patios, with opulent purple sofas and rich carpeting, make a public attraction of what is usually among the most forbidding kinds of building on earth.

The new courthouse, explains Erickson, "takes the traditional courthouse and turns it inside out. It is a building completely open to the street. It embodies the concept that justice not only must be done but must be seen to be done. Anything that is part of the street becomes part of the culture, and—God knows—our culture needs more justice."

Doing justice to the taxpayers, the architect completed the complex for \$139 million, \$21 million less than the final estimate. The buildings moreover are fuel-thrifty, with a computerized climate con-

trol system and an energy storage tank that is cooled or heated in off-peak hours, when natural gas rates are lowest. Erickson's acres of greenery are watered by computer.

While Robson Square has already become the city's foremost meeting and strolling place, not all Vancouverites are entranced with the buildings. A letter to the *Vancouver Sun* protested that the complex "comprises an unembellished series of stark, cold (especially during Vancouver's somber rainy season), dank and lifeless concrete blockhouses that from a distance resemble giant caskets." The courthouse has been criticized by court stenographers, who complain that their basement quarters are like a medieval dungeon.

Such objections are not new to Erickson, whom the architectural world gen-

erally regards as one of its most thoughtful and innovative builders. He has been designing houses, corporate complexes and public works (two enchanting Toronto subway stations, the striking Simon Fraser University outside Vancouver) since 1963. He first attracted wide international acclaim with the stunning Canadian Pavilion at Montreal's Expo '67, and his teasing, mirror-sheathed pavilion at Japan's Expo '70 won the top architectural award among 1,000 buildings from 78 countries.

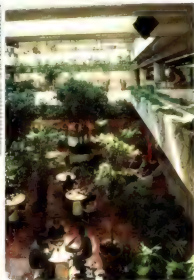
An outwardly gregarious but intensely speculative, ascetic man, Erickson always sets out, as in the Vancouver courthouse, to build imaginatively around the activities of the people who will inhabit the building. Says he: "We must think of our cities as places to live in and enjoy

rather than places to work in and get out of." He is a master of scale and placement and insists on a "dialogue between space and setting," in which site determines form. A handsome, blue-eyed bachelor, he is of Swedish-Irish descent, and both dour and mischievous strains can be detected in his designs.

Erickson has immersed himself in European and Japanese architecture, spending almost half his adult life abroad. He is currently putting up a new building for Saudi Arabia's ministry of foreign affairs and a whole new city in Kuwait, and he hopes to build in China a tourist hotel that will incorporate not merely Western technology but native talents, tastes and materials as well. Indeed, China's drab and joyless metropolitan centers may even be ready for a Great Wall of Erickson.



The three-block megastructure leads from old courthouse (bottom right) to new (top left)



A Robson Square eating place



Zigzagging tiers of steps



Traders at the New York Commodity Exchange shouting out bids to buy and sell the "barbarous relic" last week

DOUG HALSTEAD

Economy & Business

The Glitter That Is Gold

Bullion's latest boom spurs a purchasing panic and another dollar slide

Gold fever, the most infectious of monetary diseases during times of perceived economic distress and uncertainty, is epidemic. From Zurich to Chicago, from London to Hong Kong, goldbugs are scurrying once again to buy into their favorite hedge against disaster. With people battered by inflation and recession, worried about oil and lacking confidence in leaders and cures, the gold rush of '79 has turned into a stampede as schoolboys, housewives and pensioners have jumped in along with big investors. It is a surge that bodes little good for latecomers, small investors, the fragile international monetary system, the dollar and even some national economies.

The latest frenzy was heightened last week when so many bids were presented at Washington's monthly bullion auction that the U.S. Treasury could have sold four times the 750,000 oz. it offered. That, along with rumors of especially heavy orders for gold from buyers in the Middle East, stirred a wave of panic buying that pushed the price of bullion up by a record \$24 an oz. in just one day. Trading was so hectic that the normal 50c-an-oz. spread between buying and selling prices



Dealer Nicholas Deak with his wares
Some called it the "Kennedy rally."

widened at times to \$5. Gold hit an all-time high of \$380 in London before slipping back at week's end to \$369—up nearly \$40 in just 14 days and a staggering \$164 in twelve months.

Much of the buying was done by speculators who had earlier bet that gold would fall, and now had to run to buy to cover their short positions. At the same time, two events added to doubts that Western policymakers would come to grips effectively with their common economic problems. In Paris the finance ministers and central bankers of the Big Five monetary powers—Germany, Japan, France, Britain and the U.S.—failed to end a potentially damaging interest rate war among them. And the International Monetary Fund issued a gloomy study predicting a worsening economic outlook. Fears that OPEC oil prices would rise and supplies would tighten also helped speed the rush to bullion, as did the perceived political weakness of Jimmy Carter and the threat of a challenge from Edward Kennedy. Some European dealers are calling the gold surge a "Kennedy rally" because it has been spurred by expectations that his free-spending, liberal pol-

ices might exacerbate U.S. inflation if he were elected. In the thin, highly volatile market, that distant worry is enough for a big rise.

After Carter's belated move to shore up the battered dollar in November 1978, the Administration showed little concern about the gold boom. As long as gold buyers were not singling out dollars for heavy selling, the fever was viewed as a monetary non-event. But this complacency faded rapidly late last week when the greenback plunged 2% in just one day against the West German mark, to the lowest it has been since last October. The weakness caught Washington unprepared. Said one Treasury official: "There simply isn't the mental horsepower in the White House to deal with this kind of problem. They are preoccupied with Ham Jordan snorting coke."

If the gold frenzy continues to weaken the buck, OPEC might again move to lift its dollar-denominated price of oil sharply. Uncertainty over just what the greenback will be worth in months ahead would slow much trade that is negotiated in dollars. Beyond that, economists disagree about whether gold itself poses any threat. Many believe, as Economist John Maynard Keynes said, that gold is just a "barbarous relic," a commodity like pork bellies that should have no more monetary impact than wampum beads. Yet in this real world, the bullion boom could ultimately prove highly inflationary.

Most countries have gold stocks. Though some compute the value of their hoards at less than market prices, any rise in those prices does lift the amount of a nation's reserves. Says Economist Robert Triffin, an international monetary expert: "Central banks now hold on their books assets that are ten times as valuable as they were in 1969. They can theoretically use these assets." In effect, wealth can be created out of nothing; the gold can either be sold to cover trade deficits or borrowed against to buy oil.

UP, UP...

Price of gold per oz. in London, monthly highs



At the same time, the rise creates a new gap between rich and poor countries. The industrial nations have the biggest bullion stocks, in terms of tons and also as a percentage of total reserves, so they gain most from a gold boom; the poorer states, with relatively meager holdings, benefit much less. Says an official at the British Ministry of Overseas Development: "We have a new category of haves and have-nots. The Less Developed Countries, as usual, are suffering the most."

Prices of other precious metals such as platinum and palladium have also soared, as have those of diamonds, pearls, stamps, art and antiques. In the past month silver has risen 65%, while gold has gone up 23%, partly because its relatively low price per ounce attracts speculators. The popularity of such tangible assets reflects a fast-deepening distrust of all paper currencies in a period of scary inflation. For some extreme pessimists, the phenomenon has raised the specter of the Weimar era in Germany in the early 1920s, when wheelbarrow loads of notes were needed to buy a loaf of bread. Essentially, the price of gold is an index of anxiety and a barometer of fears that, justified or not, seem too real to many.

A cure for the gold plague will not be easy to find. It is even difficult to tell just who is buying. Some orders are placed with agents of agents or through post office box corporations in Liechtenstein. Even the CIA claims that it has no idea who is running up prices, and the market itself abounds with rumors. Last week's scuttlebutt had it that a single Saudi investor was looking to buy a ton of gold worth about \$12 million, and the market was being dominated by just a few large purchasers—including one unidentified German buyer and an unknown Canadian industrialist. About all that is certain is that small investors are now joining in the gold action.

Nicholas Deak, president of the Deak-Perera Group, a major U.S. gold dealer, believes the bulk of the buying can be traced to three sources. Demand from the Middle East remains strong, he says, not only from OPEC governments eager to protect their oil profits from U.S. inflation and the decline of the dollar, but also from peasants and small traders for whom gold remains the most popular portable security. Demand from Europe is accelerating because inflation there is rising. Bullion fever has now spread to Switzerland, reflecting fears about inflation even in that land of granite-hard currency.

But the most visible demand for gold is coming from the U.S. Newspaper ads urge readers to bring their gold heirlooms in to dealers, panning for gold along rivers is again a popular hobby, and old gold mines are being reopened. In Atlanta, dentists report that patients are asking for the return of their gold inlays after they have been replaced with crowns. Large

...AND AWAY

Daily highs



crowds and ever ringing phones are making the normally sedate quarters of bullion dealers look like bookie joints.

Most of the buy orders are for \$10,000 or less, and some of the checks being used for payment are being drawn on credit unions and savings banks by small investors. Joseph Hale, president of World Wide Coin Investments in Atlanta, reports that one client wanted advice about whether to sell her house to buy gold. Most small investors appear to be looking not so much for profit as capital protection. "They think the country and the economy are going to pot," says Jeffrey Cushing, a Massachusetts gold dealer. Coins, including the 1-oz. South African Kruggerand and the new 1-oz. Canadian Maple Leaf, which went on sale in the U.S. this month, are the most popular buys.

But gold can be perilous. Says Clayton Yeutter, president of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, a leading gold futures market: "As the price enters the stratosphere, the risks become extraordinary. If you look over the edge from here, it's a long way down." Even if there is no great plunge, the small investor especially can find himself paying more than he figured for his bullion. When buying or selling coins, for example, dealers commonly add a charge amounting to 5% or more of the market price. Thus someone who bought a Kruggerand when gold was at \$380 last week would have to wait for the price to hit \$420 before he could sell and get his money back.

What investors must also be alert to is the old saw that when the little guy starts buying, the smart money is already pulling out. Says Walter Perschke, president of Numisico, a Chicago gold brokerage house: "Everyone wants to get into the gold boat. What they do not realize is that when everyone gets in, the boat sinks." If a great many large investors move to take their profits, the sinking could be rapid. Although there is no evidence of this happening yet, smaller investors who are unable to sell quickly could find that gold fever is not only contagious but very painful as well.

Changeover Time at Chrysler

The ex-Ford men will now try to manage the bankruptcy threat

Like an auto company showing off its new cars, the beleaguered Chrysler Corp. last week unveiled its shining new 1980 model management. Lee Iacocca, 54, the razzmatazz marketing whiz and former Ford president who joined Chrysler only last November, was elected chairman to replace John Riccardo, 55, who surprisingly retired, citing as a cause his recent heart trouble. Joining Iacocca at the top were several cronies from his 32 years at Ford. J. Paul Bergmoser, 63, former purchasing vice president at Ford, takes over as president; the new executive vice president for finance is Gerald Greenwald, 44, once president of Ford's Venezuelan subsidiary. With most of the old Chrysler management replaced, a Ford engine now powers Chrysler.

The new look at Chrysler was in part a tactic to win greater sympathy for the automaker in its drive to get as much as \$1.2 billion in federal loan guarantees. The company needs an infusion of funds by year's end in order to launch work on its 1981 models. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller has asked for revisions in the Chrysler rescue proposal. In rejecting the initial request, which would leave the taxpayers holding the bag if Chrysler defaulted on loans from private bankers, Miller bridled not only at the size of the financial package but also at the fact that Chrysler's plan did not include aid commitments from unions and local governments. He told Riccardo and Iacocca that about \$750 million in loan guarantees was the limit for Government aid and that he wanted wider participation in the rescue operation.

One financial blood bank for the company might be the \$300 million strike fund built up by the United Auto Workers. After the contract settlement with General Motors two weeks ago, that fund will not be needed to pay picketing workers, and Chrysler may try to borrow from it. This week Chrysler will open its own contract negotiations with the U.A.W., and ways in which the union might help the automaker will be discussed. U.A.W. President Douglas Fraser rules out using the \$300 million kitty, but may accept partly deferred wage or benefit payments in return for a voice in management by workers. Fraser, a fan of the West German system of worker representatives on boards of directors, said he is likely to ask for "representation on the board, limitations on investing pension money in South Africa, and setting aside money for socially desir-

able objectives. Worker representation cannot be a façade."

As Chrysler continued to proclaim in press conferences and full-page newspaper ads the disaster that would sweep the nation and the auto industry if the U.S.'s tenth largest industrial corporation went bankrupt, the consequences of a Chrysler failure came under closer scrutiny. Some 200,000 U.S. firms declare bankruptcy annually, and the right to fail is as much a part of the capitalist system as the right to succeed. Bankruptcy is the free system's harsh but necessary means

become part of a smaller Chrysler Corp. or be sold to another automaker.

Many companies have emerged from such an ordeal shrunken but viable. In 1974 Interstate Stores Inc. ran into bankruptcy, but one surviving part has prospered under the name Toys "R" Us; the New Jersey-based toymaker earned \$17 million last year. For other companies Chapter XI has meant quick execution. In 1975 W.T. Grant, the budget store chain, went into reorganization and six months later was out of business because management could find no way to make it profitable. Old competitors or new retailers acquired its customers and hired many of its workers.

Chrysler claims that reorganization is not a feasible option. The 27-page report given to Miller by Riccardo and Iacocca

"said bluntly that bankruptcy would mean that 'the company's financial structure would quickly collapse.' Chrysler officials say that few, if any, customers would be willing to buy a car from a bankrupt Chrysler Corp., because they would feel uncertain about obtaining future servicing or parts. Executives also argue that most of the firm's mammoth \$4.8 billion debt is owed to hundreds of small suppliers who themselves would go broke if they had to wait years for a judge to decide whether they would be paid. 'There are a lot of ways to die,' laments one top Chrysler officer, saying that court-ordered reorganization of the company would only lengthen death throes by three or four years.

The bewailing by Chrysler executives, however, has won scant sympathy from their corporate colleagues. Almost unanimously, business leaders fear that bailing out Chrysler would increasingly lead companies big and small to view the Government as the sugar



New Chairman Lee Iacocca and President J. Paul Bergmoser

Moving cars while selling Washington on the rescue plan.

daddy of last resort. Said William W. Weide, president of Fleetwood Enterprises, Inc., a Riverside, Calif., recreational vehicle and mobile-home manufacturer whose sales have slumped because of gas scarcity and \$1-per-gal. prices: "If the Government helps in one case, what will it do when a second or third one comes along?" If federal aid is used to prop up failing businesses, the consequences would include an increase in Government intervention, a decrease in efficiency, and unfair competition for well-managed companies that make it on their own.

If Chrysler is forced to go belly up, it will immediately be a test of new bankruptcy laws that become effective this week. The automaker would enter the dark tunnel of the federal code, especially Chapter XI, which protects firms against the forced sale of plant or equipment to pay off creditors. A court-appointed trustee would probably be named to run the company and develop a reorganization strategy. Some analysts suggest that the firm could continue producing cars, trucks and Army tanks much as before. Eventually some money-losing divisions, like the one making outboard motors, might close, and the employees and management might be fired. But other divisions, like those producing the hot-selling Omni and Horizon, could conceivably

Adam Smith, the evangelist of free enterprise, foresaw some management failures. In *The Wealth of Nations* he wrote: "Bankruptcy is perhaps the greatest and most humiliating calamity which can befall an innocent man. The great part of men, therefore, are sufficiently careful to avoid it. Some, indeed, do not avoid it; as some do not avoid the gallows."

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Playing Chicken with Currencies

A catch-up game in which all sides could be losers

Volck' er i za' tion, n. 1: a process of money management whereby interest rates are kept high at a time of deepening recession; 2: a reliance on tight monetary policy in order to protect the value of the dollar abroad and quell inflation at home.

That wry description of the policy of the Federal Reserve Board's new chairman is already making the rounds in Washington. Though he has headed the U.S.'s central bank for a little more than seven weeks, tall, taciturn Paul A. Volcker has lost no time in establishing himself as a staunch inflation fighter, dollar defender and hard-liner on interest rates. Since he took charge on Aug. 6, the key rates used to manipulate credit policy have shot up dramatically. The Fed last week raised the discount rate, which is the interest it charges on money that it lends to member banks, by a half-point, to 11%, a record high. Several major banks then boosted their prime rate by a quarter-point, to 13½%, also a record. That was the sixth jump in the prime since the end of July, when it stood at 11¼%.

One anomaly, however, is the fact that despite the heights that interest rates have reached, there has been no shortage of cash for borrowers. Indeed, the money supply grew at a fast annual rate of close to 13% in the past two months. Though Volcker feels that the growth should be curbed, the spread of such financial innovations as credit cards and savings certificates tied to Treasury bill rates have lessened the Fed's ability to control the nation's money stock.

The Fed's latest discount rate increase prompted a rare rebellion among its seven governors. Three of them opposed the move, saying it would seriously worsen the slowdown in the economy. There are signs that the recession will be deeper and longer than was predicted only three months ago. So some economists dispute Volcker's assertion that "what basically is good for the dollar is good for the economy at home." They are fearful that in his zeal to raise interest rates to buttress the buck abroad, he will worsen the U.S. downturn.

Interest rates have been rising through the industrialized world since July, as governments try to curb inflation. But the U.S. has been playing catch-up with European and Japanese rates. At present, U.S. interest levels are no higher than existing U.S. inflation rates; thus there is scant reason for money traders to buy dollar-denominated short-term se-

curities, since they earn nothing. Other currencies are a better buy. For example, even though the West German prime rate of 7.75% is more than five percentage points lower than the U.S. prime, West German inflation is about one-third that of the U.S., so traders sell dollars to buy marks and other currencies where they can earn a real return. This weakens the dollar. But if the Fed were to push U.S. interest rates another one-half of 1%, to 1% above the rate of inflation, it might lure some money back into greenbacks.

House Banking Committee Chairman



Fed Chairman Volcker

Henry Reuss charges that the U.S. is being "forced into supertight monetary excesses" by its trading partners. The force cited most is the West German Bundesbank, which tends to steer European monetary policy. Last week Volcker and Treasury Secretary G. William Miller returned empty-handed from a Paris meeting of finance ministers and central bankers from Britain, the U.S., West Germany, France and Japan.

The Americans tried but failed to persuade the others to slow down an international "chicken game," in which countries seem almost to dare each other to imperil their own economies by raising their interest rates to protect their currencies.

The others at the meeting said that higher interest is needed to combat an inflation rate averaging 11.8% among 24 non-Communist industrialized nations.

But Reuss and some U.S. economists fear that the Bundesbank has been raising West German interest to keep the mark strong against the dollar. Reason: the mark's appreciation lowers Germany's oil bill, which must be paid in dollars. The Europeans and the Japanese all depend heavily on imports; these would become more expensive, and inflation would worsen, if the value of their currencies were to drop. For somewhat the same reasons, the U.S. wants a stronger dollar.

Interest rates abroad probably will continue to rise for a time because inflation will worsen when the industrialized nations feel the full impact of this year's oil price increases, the effects of excessive money-supply growth in the U.S., West Germany, Britain, Japan and Italy, and the results of a round of wage settlements coming this fall and winter. For the U.S. this could mean further dollar deterioration. But "keeping up with the monetary Joneses," as Henry Reuss puts it, and letting domestic interest rates rise might turn a soft landing into a sharp decline.

Gas Deal

Call it "Pancho's revenge"

Following the angriest Mexican-American confrontation since General John J. ("Black Jack") Pershing chased Pancho Villa south of the border in 1916, the two countries last week initiated an agreement for the sale of 300 million cu. ft. of gas daily at an initial price of \$3.63 per 1,000 cu. ft. The gas involved amounts to less than 1% of total U.S. consumption and is far under the 2.2 billion-cu.-ft.-per-day deal envisaged in July 1977 when Pemex, the Mexican state oil company, signed a letter of intent with six American pipeline companies.

Saying that the \$2.60 price being discussed then was too high and could go much higher since it was tied to the cost of home heating oil, then Energy Secretary James Schlesinger entered the deliberations and led them to a breakdown: the Mexicans said he used "colossal of the north" bargaining tactics. While in Mexico last February, Jimmy Carter tried to revive the talks, but Mexican President José López Portillo sniffed: "Presidents are statesmen, not merchants."

The talks started anew in June but went nowhere until a month ago, when the U.S. signaled that unless the Mexicans bargained seriously, López Portillo could skip his White House visit this week. The Mexicans then tabled their \$3.63 price, which is to be adjusted quarterly to match OPEC price moves. The White House decided to accept before events drove the price even higher. As it is, the Canadians, who supply 5% of the U.S.'s gas needs, are expected to push their current price of \$2.80 up to \$3.45 next year.

The American producers, on average, get just \$1.18 for their price-controlled gas. The Mexican negotiators could call their good deal "Pancho's revenge."

Economy & Business



Barley piled on ground at Rogers, N. Dak., farm for lack of storage and transport facilities

Grounded Grain

Midwest harvest headache

When farmers complain, it is usually about Washington or the weather. This year they have a different gripe: labor disputes are plaguing the nation's overburdened crop distribution system at a time when bin-busting harvests and a high export demand augur a booming farm economy. Since late August the United Transportation Union and the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks have halted operations on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, which serves 1,680 grain elevators in the Midwest. And for almost three months a strike by the American Federation of Grain Millers has closed the 13 huge grain elevators in the port of Duluth-Superior, stopping 10% of all U.S. grain exports.

President Carter declared last week that the strike against the Rock Island was causing severe economic disruption. This meant that he was able to invoke a 60-day cooling-off period under the National Labor Relations Act and send the strikers back to their jobs while a three-member emergency board reviews the dispute, although there were signs that the workers would refuse the order. At the same time, Carter requested that the Interstate Commerce Commission issue a "directed service order" telling other rail companies to operate Rock Island equipment over its rights-of-way. The grain millers' strike also appeared to be nearing a conclusion. At week's end five of the eight grain elevator operators struck by the millers had reached tentative agreements with the union, and bargaining with the others was continuing.

Hardest hit by the millers' walkout are the farmers in North Dakota, who ship more than 50% of their grain through Duluth. But farmers in South Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa are also affected. Lost sales are costing North Dakota farmers between \$1 million and \$4 million a day, and if the port is not opened before the end of the harvest, more than 200,000



Picketer at elevators in Superior, Wis.

Bottling up a bin-busting harvest

bushels of grain will have to be stored on the ground. In the open, as much as 25% of the crop could be lost through damage during the winter. "It's just terrible," complains Richard Goldberg, president of Goldberg Feed & Grain in West Fargo, N. Dak. "I have contracts for sales through Duluth that I can't fill because there is no grain moving through here, and it's impossible to get transportation to other ports."

The agricultural transportation system in the U.S. is in badly rundown condition, with alternative routes so overburdened that they are unable to cope with any kind of unusual demand. Every year at harvest time, there is a severe shortage of hopper cars and boxcars for carrying grain. Meanwhile, many of the railroads that serve the nation's agricultural heartland are failing. The Rock Island, for example, is bankrupt and has been in receivership for the past four years. The strike resulted from its inability to pay clerks and transportation workers \$9 million in retroactive pay.

Settlement of these two strikes will by no means solve the chronic crop-carrier problem. Says Jack Lambert, president of the Twin City (Minneapolis-St. Paul) Barge & Towing Co. "We have scheduled every mode of transportation which

moves our export grains to market. We've let our farm production and export demand far exceed our farm transportation system, and it's time we try to fix that system." The Administration and Congress have agreed on one long-range step to help. It is a ten-year, \$500 million project to move grain-carrying barges more efficiently by improving locks and dams on the Mississippi River. Even that move, however, has been blocked in court by environmentalists and 21 railroads, which, despite their own inability to handle the harvest peaks, will not bury their age-old feud with river traffic.

Stinging Nuns

An order in the courts

Managers who have found themselves embroiled in no-win squabbles with environmental and consumer groups might take some comfort in the problem facing the Blue Diamond Coal Co. of Knoxville, Tenn. It is being taken to court by, of all adversaries, an order of Roman Catholic nuns. Armed with 81 shares of Blue Diamond stock, the 750-member Sisters of Loretto, a teaching order based in Denver, last week joined twelve other parties in bringing a lawsuit against the company. The nuns' eventual aim, as one of them describes it, is to urge the company toward greater "corporate responsibility."

The nuns have criticized Blue Diamond, which operates three mines in eastern Kentucky, for a multitude of sins, including assorted environmental abuses, union-busting activities and wrongful denial of responsibility for a 1976 accident at a Kentucky mine that killed 26 men. (Blue Diamond has been cited for violations of Government safety regulations more than 4,500 times in the past nine years.) In March the nuns asked Blue Diamond to register with the Securities and Exchange Commission so that the SEC would have to regulate it. The company refused, stating that the nuns had not been registered as bona fide stockholders. Now the nuns are going to court to force Blue Diamond to register them as the shareholders of record, so that they will be able to get a stockholders' list, which they plan to use to rally inside support for their cause.

The sisters are familiar with such temporal matters, having used positions as stockholders to press for policy changes at J.P. Stevens, Rockwell International and McDonnell Douglas. But this is the first time that the nuns have ever filed a suit. Explains Sister Eileen Harrington, 27, who is not a nun but a law student as well: "We didn't want to go to court, but Blue Diamond left us no choice. As Christian women, we don't often put ourselves in an adversary position."

Sister Eileen



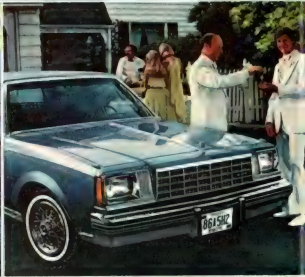
TASTE WINSTON LIGHTS



Best taste.
Low tar.

13 mg "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR 92.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Buick's new Century Limited Sedan. Our little limousine.

These days, one can easily shell out a small fortune for even a little import. On the other hand, if one is particularly astute, one could opt for the posh-looking automobile pictured here.

The Century Limited Sedan. Even at its decidedly modest base price, it is a very roadable, expensive-looking, quiet, serene Buick.

One which makes six people feel very well taken care of. With standard amenities like crushed velour 55/45 notchback seating. Cut-pile carpeting. Power front disc brakes. Plus, of course, lots of Limited trim and identification.

And while it may look and feel like a little limousine, with its standard 3.8 liter V-6, or even the available 4.3 liter V-8, it is a tight-fisted little miser at the gas pumps. For example, the standard 3.8 liter V-6 with available automatic transmission offers the following EPA estimates.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The 1980 Century Limited Sedan. All in all, quite a little limousine. And, if you'd care to invest a bit more in niceties like

power windows, power seats, air conditioning and the like, you can turn it into even more of a little limousine.

See your Buick dealer soon about buying or leasing one.

We'll have one brought around front for you to inspect.

Remember: Compare the boxed estimates to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Estimated mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Estimated driving range based on EPA-estimated MPG rating and highway estimates. These range estimates are obtained by multiplying Century's fuel tank capacity of 18.1 gallons by the EPA and highway estimates. Estimates lower in California.

The 4.3 liter V-8 is not available in California.

Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



BUICK

Press

Letter Bomb

Printing atomic "secrets"

The presses started rolling at 2:30 a.m. By dawn, staff members of the tiny Madison Press Connection (circ. 11,398) were distributing copies of an eight-page "extra" edition around Wisconsin's capital. The innocuous-sounding front-page headline: A CITIZEN WRITES TO A SENATOR. The incendiary subject: hydrogen bomb "secrets" with details and even a crude diagram. Whether any of it could result in an actual bomb would soon be bitterly debated. What was immediately clear was that the paper had blown apart the legal vises tightened against three other publications seeking to print H-bomb exposes and, for the moment, headed off a collision between the First Amendment



Computer Programmer Charles Hansen

"I'm a very ordinary person."

and the Government's power to decide what constitutes an atomic secret.

The drama began last March, when the liberal monthly *Progressive* (circ. 40,000), also published in Madison, moved to print a 7,500 word treatise by Freelancer Howard Morland titled "The H-Bomb Secret: How We Got It. Why We're Telling It." Morland said at the time that the facts in his piece, culled from unclassified documents, were far too hazy to be used as an H-bomb blueprint, yet were somehow considered "classified" by the U.S. Government. The U.S. Energy and Justice departments promptly swooped down to have the article enjoined from print—and the court battle began.

To Charles Hansen, 32, a computer programmer in Mountain View, Calif., the *Progressive* case was infuriating. Hansen felt that the Government was guilty of a double standard, having allowed such information to be released in the first

place. When his local activism on the subject caught the attention of Senator Charles H. Percy of Illinois, Hansen wrote him an 18-page letter explaining how an H-bomb works. He also fingered three renowned scientists who had already made much of that information public in articles and interviews, but unlike the *Progressive*, avoided prosecution: Princeton's Theodore Taylor; M.I.T.'s George Rathjens; and Stanford's Edward Teller, who is considered the "father of the H-bomb." All three denied the accusations.

Hansen was stunned by the explosion of notoriety that ensued. "I'm a very ordinary person," he said last week. "I never dreamed that my letter to Senator Percy would ever be published." In fact, publication was all but inevitable, since the letter somehow reached half a dozen papers. First the *Peninsula Times Tribune* (circ. 65,800) of Palo Alto, Calif., on Aug. 30 printed an excerpt, and inspired a DOE ruling that declared Hansen's letter classified information. Then Berkeley's student-run *Daily Californian* (circ. 22,000) was hit with a court order enjoining it from publishing the letter. Editors at the *Press Connection* decided to publish before they met the same roadblock. When they succeeded, the Government was forced to admit defeat, and moved to lift restrictions against the California paper and the *Progressive*, though court documents in the magazine's case remain sealed. Said Justice Department Spokesman Mark Sheehan: "There was no further point in protecting a secret that is no longer a secret."

Or one that perhaps was inaccurate anyway. Apparently the most sensitive parts of both Morland's and Hansen's essays discuss the design of multi-stage, supermegaton hydrogen bombs that themselves need smaller hydrogen bombs to trigger a devastating fusion reaction. Yet Nuclear Physicist Alexander DeVolpi of the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, who has read the Morland and Hansen pieces, declared: "Both have technically correct—and incorrect—portions. It would appear they had different pieces of the jigsaw puzzle." Neither article, he added, "would be useful to a foreign government in the making of such weapons... The [U.S.] Government would do best to ignore everything in the public domain because so much of it is wrong anyway."

Under the 1954 Atomic Energy Act, both Morland and Hansen could still be prosecuted for disseminating secret information about atomic weapons. The *Progressive* will publish Morland's article in its November issue, which comes out next week, and the magazine will try to get its court documents released. Says Morland: "The case is still very much alive. The Government is still fighting for everything it can get."

Now! or Then?!

Britain's new newsmagazine

Fleet Street cynics might say that Britain needs a new weekly newsmagazine like Newcastle needs more coal. The nation already has the respected *Economist* (circ. 66,000), regional editions of *TIME* (78,000) and *Newsweek* (40,000), as well as six London Sunday papers (combined circ. 18,300,000) that are sped overnight on Britain's excellent rail system to steeped hamlets from Dover to Dundee. Last week Sir James Goldsmith, 46, pugnacious publisher (France's weekly *L'Express*) and multimillionaire food tycoon, set out to prove the cynics wrong. With a first-year promotion budget of \$5.4 million and a staff of 121, he launched *Now!*, a slick weekly whose first issue was light on news, heavy on shopworn features and groaning with ads (60 pages out of 144). The initial press run of 416,000 copies was quickly claimed a sellout, but some London journalists, while wishing it well, were saying *Now!* should more accurately be called *Then!* Aside from a scoop about Iraqi spying, the only effort at hard news was a watery recap of the Rhodesian peace talks. Judged the *Financial Times*: "Newsmagazine is precisely what the first issue is not. It is a feature magazine, and not an especially good one at that." Said *Sunday Times* Editor Harold Evans: "There is less of a feeling of a window on the world than *TIME* or ... various British Sunday papers." But as a second issue appeared on newsstands, Goldsmith took a bullish stance. Said he: "If it has the feel of life in it, I will keep it going, even with losses. If it doesn't, I won't."



First issue of Goldsmith's gambit

"I will keep it going, even with losses."

Telling the News vs. Zapping the Cornea

In the fickle world of television, where most programs have precariously short lives, the long-running network news shows have proudly been the most resistant to change. But they're changing now, as ABC's *World News Tonight*—long a poor third—prepares to overtake the NBC *Nightly News*, while CBS's *Evening News* continues its reign as No. 1.

The changes are not the kind that would satisfy James David Barber, the Duke University political scientist who thinks that network news is "too intellectual, too balanced. It passes right over the heads of the great 'lower' half of the American electorate who need it most." In the September *Washington Monthly*, he argues that the Cronkites and Chancellors should stop modeling themselves on the New York Times, stop "gearing the medium to the needs and knowledge of the better informed" and should go after "the great unwashed." Barber is disturbed by those statistics showing that more people get their news from television than from newspapers and magazines but that about half of all viewers say they almost never watch the evening network news. Barber wants the network anchor-man's words made simpler, the brief snippets of news filled out with more background. Well, maybe. As Sol Hurok used to say, if people don't want to come, nothing will stop them. Mark R. Levy, a New York sociologist, made a two-year study of why people watch the news and concluded that "being informed is only a secondary motive for most viewers. Most people watch TV news to be amused and diverted, or to make sure that their homes and families are safe and secure."

The idea that news can be entertaining has surely occurred to Boone Arledge. Two years ago, in safari-jacketed splendor, Arledge emerged from a golden career as head of ABC Sports to take over ABC News as well. A collective shudder passed down through rows of the three-buttoned news executives. Arledge was celebrated for zippy sports coverage, instant replays, constant chatter (including the grating homilies of Howard Cosell) and ceaseless hype. Was he going to bring the same show-biz techniques to the serious business of news broadcasting? The man most worried was CBS News President Richard S. Salant, a dedicated keeper of the flame of news integrity against not only the advertising side, but also the entertainment side of TV.

Salant presided over a staff that backs up Walter Cronkite with the best newsgathering operation in the business. Salant left CBS this year upon reaching its mandatory retirement age of 65, but NBC quickly hired him as vice chairman for news. A lawyer by trade, he is breezy, tough and smart—and responsible. He was disturbed when ABC made Barbara Walters an anchorwoman; he was even more offended when Arledge began hyping up ABC News—a process that reached a nadir with the tabloid-style coverage of the "Son of Sam" murder case in 1977. Unable to match Cronkite's authority and popularity, Arledge countered with the gimmickery of three anchor-men, "tossing" the news from Washington to London to Chicago.

In the two years since, Arledge and Salant have come to exemplify the two poles of what network news programs want to do most: excite or inform. ABC's *World News Tonight* has got consistently sharper. Arledge demands and gets inventive technology. ABC, once el cheapo of the net-

works (it used to be said that ABC was the last to arrive at the scene and the first to leave), now spends good money to get good people. Arledge hired Richard Wald (once head of NBC News) to run his news operation, a job that Wald defines as "calming the process down." Salant concedes that ABC is "a good news organization now," though he still ridicules those three scattered anchor-men: "Having somebody in London, 3,000 miles less far from a story, is hardly having him at the scene."

In his new NBC job, Salant labors to improve that troubled network's Chancellor-Brinkley *Nightly News*. This has put him in a two-way fight with ABC's Arledge: several times this summer ABC News topped NBC in the ratings, a trend that will take time to reverse. Salant sounds like a football coach after a bad loss: "NBC has got to get its pride back. I can't stand this 'you win some, you lose some' attitude." Salant has hired Bill Small, a top CBS executive, to shake up

NBC News. "They say morale's bad, wondering what kind of changes are coming here," says Salant. "They ought to be worried." But Salant still refuses to jazz up the news. Just before he arrived at NBC the network made an admirably Salantesque gesture: it abolished the bouncy Henry Mancini theme that introduced Chancellor-Brinkley, substituting a newsy sounding melange of electronic music. The new theme is properly unobtrusive, though not nearly so classy as that grand old snippit of Beethoven's *Ninth* used

in the 1960s. Earlier this month he warned his colleagues: "We must not overemphasize pictures or fear words."

The scene is different at the seven-story ABC News center on Manhattan's West Side, which, in the hours before *World News Tonight* hits the air, becomes a busy electronic workshop. In little warrens crowded with equipment, teams of directors and technicians labor to give visual excitement to the taped voices of ABC correspondents, patching quick-shifting background scenes, stunting with double dissolves and freeze shots to fill the exact 47 or 73 seconds allotted a story by the producer. Then comes a final mixing of words and pictures, with a Chiron machine imposing labels or texts in front of the pictures, and a computer called the Quantel—a marvelous machine that Boone Arledge first used for some of his tricky sports effects—sucking in, widening out or moving around pictures on the screen. "Zapping the cornea," ABC's style has been called. (CBS and NBC have the gadgets too, but don't let them take over.) ABC's impressive technological wizardry, alas, is not matched by a comparable effort to assess the content of the day's news or reflect upon it, though *World News Tonight* is a lively illustrated headline service. But the watcher may find it a little harder to remember what news he has just seen.

Not that the more conventional CBS and NBC coverage is all that free of theater. Why should correspondents have to place themselves outside the White House or the Capitol in the sun or the wind to speak their piece when it would be easier and cheaper to get into a cab and broadcast right from the studio? At least all three network news shows are no longer look-alikes. One of them overworks the eye in the interest of excitement. The other two spend vast sums photographing events but don't let pictures distract from the serious business of dispensing information. Viewers who choose the former deserve what they get.



ABC's Boone Arledge



NBC's Richard Salant

Some Things
Just Feel
Right

Slender, balanced,
distinctive—Cross
Writing Instruments
complement your style
in lustrous chrome,
gold filled, sterling silver
and solid gold—
from \$7.50 to \$200.00.

CROSS
SINCE 1845

Cinema

Winter of '42

YANKS

Directed by John Schlesinger
Screenplay by Colin Welland
and Walter Bernstein

The surest way to enjoy *Yanks* is to come to it with precisely the right expectations. This film is so lavish, so long (2 hr. 20 min.) and so overstuffed with talent that one at first expects an epic of Homeric proportions. As it gradually turns out, Director John Schlesinger has a trifle up his sleeve, not a bombshell: *Yanks* is nothing more and nothing less than an extravagant soap opera about star-crossed lovers on the British home front during World War II. The results are often entertaining, but only for audiences who are prepared to open their tear ducts and put their brains on hold. Admirers of Schlesinger's weightier efforts—*Midnight Cowboy*; *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*—should trim their sails accordingly.

The film's setting is an idealized Lancashire town where American G.I.s are stationed while waiting to invade the Continent. The plot is Hollywood's ancient love-today-for-tomorrow-we-die formula, taken to the third power: three Yanks of varying rank (Richard Gere, William Devane, Chick Vennera) relentlessly pursue three Englishwomen of varying social status (Lisa Eichhorn, Vanessa Redgrave, Wendy Morgan). Since two of the heroines have home-town heartthrobs fighting overseas, the American interlopers meet with some early but usually temporary setbacks. By the time the movie reaches its climax—an irresistible train station farewell, complete with chorus of *I'll Be Seeing You*—one is fully convinced that World War II was the best thing to happen to romance since the invention of the waltz.

Schlesinger enriches *Yanks'* conventional plot machinations with fine atmospheric details and fetching performances. The movie's locations include quaint shops and pubs, foggy, blacked-out streets, a glorious art deco movie palace and enough green pastures to make even an Irishman go dizzy. Most of the cast accomplish the not inconsiderable feat of standing out against the colorful backdrops. Though Gere at times slips into self-conscious mannerisms, he makes his character, a mess sergeant from Arizona, an appealing innocent abroad. Devane is a charming commanding officer, despite his disconcerting tendency to sound like Jack Nicholson. Both Eichhorn (a gifted screen newcomer) and Redgrave show enough backbone to prevent their roles, a shopgirl and an aristocrat, from softening into hopeless clichés.

Aside from sexual lassitude, the big-

gest problem with these lovers is that there are too many of them. Only the Gere-Eichhorn romance is fully told, complete with subsidiary characters (Eichhorn's parents, well acted by Rachel Roberts and Tony Melody). The remaining couples are superficially sketched and add little to the film except length. There are other excesses as well: a thrown-in subplot about Redgrave's troubled young son, some muddled digressions about British-American cultural conflicts, and a grueling military race riot. Besides wasting time, these intrusions are pretentious; the director seems to be trying to convince himself that *Yanks* is something more than a tearjerker. In the process, he insults the audience. Director Schlesinger should not be ashamed to have made *Yanks*, any more than viewers should be embarrassed to respond to its modest pleasures.

—Frank Rich



Gere and Eichhorn in *Yanks*
A good war for romance.

Policeman's Lot

THE ONION FIELD

Directed by Harold Becker

Screenplay by Joseph Wambaugh

Joseph Wambaugh, the policeman-turned novelist, considers his one non-fiction book, *The Onion Field*, his most important work. That true story of a cop killing is what Wambaugh also considers a paradigm of the problems and social attitudes confronted by policemen in their work. He refused to put it in the hands of the studios, which he rightly believes mishandled adaptations of his novels (*The New Centurions*, *The Choirboys*). So he wrote a screenplay from his book and helped to produce the movie himself, using his own and friends' money. The result is a grimy, authentic, earnest movie, quite lifelike in its realism and, unfortunately, in its lack of a compelling dramatic structure. At its best, *The Onion Field* occasionally shocks. Yet in its determined accretion of detail, much of which turns out not to be particularly relevant to Wambaugh's main themes, promising characters are submerged. What is worse, the important points he dearly wants to make are severely blunted.

His true story concerns a pair of policemen and a pair

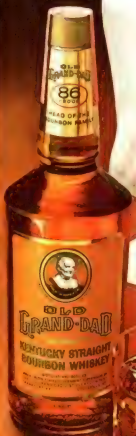
Actor Savage

of petty criminals who are brought violently together on an otherwise routine night in the streets of Los Angeles and in the country near Bakersfield, Calif. The cops, acting out of instinctive suspicion, stop the crooks' car. The criminals are, in fact, just on the prowl for a likely store to rob, but the psychopathic leader of the duo (James Woods) gets the drop on the investigators. He manages to disarm them and abduct them to the onion field of the title. There, under the false impression that he has violated California's "Little Lindbergh Law" (which imposes a death sentence for certain types of kidnapping), he suddenly decides to kill his prisoners. One officer is murdered, but the other, Karl Hettinger, played by John Savage (*Hair*), escapes. In the crime's aftermath Hettinger will come to believe that he and his partner had not been properly alert when making their collar and had been all too passive in the hands of their abductors. That, and the memory that he ran without looking back when a favorable opportunity to escape presented itself, causes Hettinger to fall prey to a guilty depression that destroys his police career and very nearly his life.

The contempt visited on him by his

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Cinema



Woods on death row in *Onion Field*

Occasional shocks and a blunted point.

superiors (they actually make him deliver *mea culpa* lectures to colleagues) is implicitly and properly shown by Wambaugh as inhumane. But his more profound scorn is reserved for the legal system that requires more than seven years to finally dispose of the case, as the killers employ one delaying tactic after another to keep open what should have been an open-and-shut conviction. There comes a point, Wambaugh seems to be arguing, when the defense of a criminal's civil liberties infringes on the rights of victims to a prompt redress and, as in the case of Hettinger, the opportunity to bury his awful memories. Forgetting is impossible if you have to retestify about a crime eight times in almost as many years.

Regrettably, the film spends a great deal of time in detailing the not very illuminating background of everyone involved in the incident. (It does, however, offer Woods a chance to give a splendid performance as a psychopath—jaunty, furious, ingratiating, ignorant and intelligent in bewildering turns.) The film's deliberate piling up of superfluous minutiae tends to have a numbing effect even before the characters get down to the main business of the plot: the murder and its endless afterlife in court. Here, too, Wambaugh continues to meander. He is unable to solve the problem of compressing seven dull years into a coherent, suspenseful story, possibly because he, and Actor Savage, cannot find a way to turn Hettinger into a sympathetic person, or even an articulate one. *The Onion Field* is a serious and most uncompromising movie. It lacks, however, the sort of disciplined craft that might have made it a powerful and affecting one.

—Richard Schickel

Books

When Worlds Collide

CANNIBALS AND MISSIONARIES by Mary McCarthy
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 369 pages; \$10.95

First, the good news: Mary McCarthy has not mellowed, certainly not in the way that some Eastern intellectuals of the '30s and '40s did when they moved West to become hot-tub philosophers. McCarthy, fortunately, lives in Paris, where a sharp critical intelligence is as prized as a set of newly honed kitchen knives. Her Olympian view has also remained keen. But in her seventh novel, the first since *Birds of America* (1971), she has overflowed her subject.

Cannibals and Missionaries is a very busy book. A committee of leading liberals is anxiously trying to get to pre-Ayatollah Iran to investigate charges that SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, tortures political prisoners. On the same Air France flight, a handful of rich American art collectors are bustling to the same destination for a look at what's new in Persian knick-knacks. Neither group gets very far because the most active passengers of all are a team of hijackers—two Arabs and two young, middle-class Dutch radicals of the Baader-Meinhof persuasion.

After shooting an expensive cat that one passenger has let out of its carrying case, the terrorists order the pilot to land his 747 at a Dutch airport. There they demand and get a NATO helicopter to lift them and their hostages to a comfortably furnished farmhouse in Fievoland, one of the large areas that the industrious Hollanders have reclaimed from the sea. The house becomes the stage where this incongruous assembly play out their views on politics, religion, art and morality.

As McCarthy has shown in *The Oasis* (1949) and *The Groves of Academe* (1952), she is adroit at parsing intentions and ideologies: "Unlike God, the liberal

was limited by ubiquity. Nevertheless, why pick on the Shah? If the truth were known

Reza Pahlavi's enormities had been chosen for this group's attention not just because he had an attractive country with an agreeable winter climate but for a still less pardonable motive: his regime was an easy target. Every good soul was opposed to torture, but it suited the Western soul's book to be able to attest to it in a distant land ruled by an oil monarch who was neither friend nor foe. A foe would not admit your committee, and to find fault with a friend would give pain."

This hateful opinion is expressed by a captive member of the Dutch Parliament. The tour of inquiry also includes clergymen, a woman college president, a journalist, an English don, a U.S. Senator and a Middle East expert from Buffalo. The art collectors are mostly codgers who, among them, own a modest share of the world's old masters. It is not easy: "The penalty of owning great works of art, or even itsy-bitsy ones, was that the minute anything out-of-the-way happened, your thoughts flew to them like a mother bird to the nest."

Nearly everyone turns out to be a materialist. The Palestinian gunmen are awed and seduced by the farmhouse's plumbing and appliances, and the radical chief is an art lover who decides to demand his prisoners' paintings as ransom. In the book's most amusing turn, crates of Cézannes, Degas and even a Vermeer arrive, and the farmhouse becomes an instant museum.

The possibility that this could happen strains credulity. The stated reasons for the initial hijacking defy it: "Seizing this body of self-appointed just men on



Mary McCarthy

Between Airport and Magic Mountain.

an errand of mercy to the Third World struck at the core of the West's pious notion of itself. And to strike not at random but selectively, choosing showcase models of civic virtue whose price was above rubies and whom the West would have to save at any cost or renounce its image of 'caring,' was, of course, sacrilege." The committee members are undeniably prestigious hostages, but why would Palestinian and European radicals stop a group of Americans who might embarrass the Shah and his plutocracy?

The conception of *Cannibals and Missionaries* again shows why McCarthy has long been considered a leading social critic. The problems are in the novel's execution. Her cast is so large that she is forced to try to bring them to life with unwieldy dossiers rather than with dialogue and action. Her terrorists lack menace and their victims do not seem unduly fearful. Despite a nasty conclusion, the siege seems like one of those endless weekends when the house guests are thrown together by bad weather. What action and suspense do exist are repeatedly short-circuited by digressions on such topics as the Zuyder Zee, Japanese poetry and the utility of art. Somewhere between Arthur Hailey's *Airport* and Thomas Mann's *Magie Mountain*, *Cannibals and Missionaries* gets fog-bound in the author's good intentions.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Excerpt

Direct action had a perfect circular motion; it aimed at its own autonomous perpetuation and sovereignty. And the circle, as all students of drawing knew, was the most beautiful of forms. Thus in a sense he had returned to where he had started: terrorism was art for art's sake in the political realm. Some in the movement believed that their action would give rise to a new society, but this belief was an impurity. Jeroen was not even sure that the construction of a just society ought to concern a revolutionary; that dream had been dreamed too often. He thought Trotsky was right in his notion of the permanent revolution, right but insincere—in his day of power his ruthless repression of the sailors of Kronstadt had exposed his real attitude. Revolution, if it was not just a catchword, should mean revolving, an eternal spinning, the opposite of evolution, so attractive to the bourgeois soul. For the true revolutionary, the only point of rest lay in the stillness at the center of the circle, just as a wheel rapidly turning on its axis gave the appearance of arrested motion.

Such ideas were deeply troubling to Greet. She did not like to hear him state that the struggles of the Palestinian people were merely a parenthesis, to be closed without regret when they had served their purpose.

Books

The Insecure Laureate

THE INTRICATE MUSIC, A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STEINBECK
by Thomas Kiernan; Little, Brown; 331 pages; \$12.95

John Steinbeck worked hard to turn himself into a genius and he almost made it. His youth was a laborious struggle to find his true voice. But as this first full-scale biography shows, the author flourished for a scant dozen years: from the publication of *The Red Pony* in 1933 to *Cannery Row* in 1945.

Kiernan (a journeyman who has written books on such disparate personalities as Yasser Arafat and Jane Fonda) met his subject only twice, and he worked without the direct cooperation of Steinbeck's widow. A more thorough account of the career might have provided a less gloomy view of the man, but it seems doubtful Steinbeck always feared biography. "Writers," he told Kiernan, "are by their very nature private people, in many cases lonely, frightened, insecure, incapable of relating comfortably to other people." The sentence was pure confessional.

The lonely, private, insecure man was an ungenial native of Salinas, Calif. His parents, a prosperous feed and grain merchant and his wife, did not take kindly to John's literary ambitions. Still, they supported him through repeated failures at Stanford, and helped him out with stipends until he was past 30. He needed them; his income for the first period of



Thomas Kiernan

After Yasser Arafat and Jane Fonda.

steady writing was \$870, or about \$125 a year. Many years later the senior Steinbeck confided the reasons for his generosity. Never in his life, he admitted sadly, had he achieved "any of the things he had dreamed of achieving." This, Kiernan reports, "was the reason he had been so tolerant of John's ambition, and in his last years so supportive; he did not want his son to suffer the bitter regret that he had."

Steinbeck earned his first serious acclaim when *The Red Pony* appeared in the *North American Review*. But years afterward, critics still regarded him as a newcomer. Alfred Kazin praised him with faint damns: "After a dozen books Steinbeck still looks like a distinguished apprentice, and what is so striking in his work is its inconclusiveness, his moving approach to human life and yet his failure to be creative with it."

Such towering works as *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath* earned him a Nobel Prize in 1962. But the honor did not bring a revival. Steinbeck declined into illness and disillusion. Kiernan reports that when the author died at 66, in 1968, he "had grudgingly accepted the fact that his own artistic productivity had long ended"—as evidenced by the potboilers that marred his later years: *East of Eden* and *The Winter of Our Discontent*. He need not have fretted so; the early imperishable books retain their power to move readers and influence novelists. "Man," wrote Steinbeck in *The Grapes of Wrath*, "unlike any other thing organic or inorganic in the universe, grows beyond his work, walks up the stairs of his concepts, emerges ahead of his accomplishments." His finest novels were proof of that perception. The other works are simply more evidence that some writers were never meant to grow up.

—John Skow

Acting Up

A COMEDIAN DIES
by Simon Brett
Scribners; 160 pages; \$7.95

There have been lawyer-detectives and priest-detectives and even jockey-detectives, but perhaps the most intriguing blend of workaday occupation and avocational sleuthing is Charles Paris, an invention of English Writer Simon Brett. Charles is an actor-detective, perhaps the first and last of his breed. Performers are generally too self-absorbed to be much use in searching other people's motives.

It may be that Charles is so hooked on ratiocination because he is so bad at acting. On the funny side of 50, Charles is the kind of thespian whose career has been confined to small parts in the big time and big parts in the small time. When he needs a disguise, Charles usually borrows a look or an accent from one of his flops, and Brett wickedly runs in a quote from one of his provincial reviews ("Had I not known it to be a good play, this production would not have convinced me of its merit"). Charles' personal life is no improvement on his professional one. There is a wife he has not lived with in years, and the odd one-night stands with preoccupied actresses; but Paris' routine is as hollow as Philip Marlowe's (the dismal bed-sitter, the bottle of whisky, the nagging creditors). What distinguishes his adventures, of which *A Comedian Dies* is the fifth, is the author's wry observations of Britain's entertainment milieu. Brett has a farcure's eye for crooked agents and



John Steinbeck

Was he just a distinguished apprentice?



Simon Brett

Small parts in the big time.

Books

egomaniac stars, for performers elbowing their way up or trying to take the slide back down gracefully, for network nitwits, for creative geniuses unsung by anyone but themselves.

In his latest case, Charles, on a reconciliatory week at the seaside with his estranged wife, is present at a variety show when a stand-up comedian literally turns into a live wire: a booby-trapped guitar electrocutes him when he grabs a microphone in the other hand. The hunt for the killer gives Brett a chance to do those set pieces that distinguish his books, notably one in which a domineering talk show host is reduced to helpless blithering by a deftly counterpunching old comic (who is an admirably wise and well-developed character) and another satirizing those ghastly award shows that blight English telly as depressingly as they do our own.

The juiced comedian turns out to have been a nasty little sod, so there are plenty of interesting people with good reason to do him ill. As usual, Charles, who can never keep a good deduction to himself, wrongly accuses several people of the crime. This makes good fun, since doggedness rather than courage is his forte.

It is Brett's insider's knowledge of high-intensity show business—he is a scriptwriter and former BBC radio producer—that makes his witty mysteries go. It looks as if Charles Paris is finally working in a long run. So it's not *Oedipus Rex*. It's honest work and, for the reader, solid entertainment.

—Richard Schickel

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6. The Third World War. *Hackett*.
et al. (6)
7. Triple. *Follett* (9)
8. Class Reunion. *Jaffe* (4)
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Television

Celebrating Broadway's Best

Musical Comedy Tonight, Oct. 1, PBS, 8 p.m.

Without the American musical theater there might not be any American theater. Except for a very occasional O'Neill or Williams, the great writers of the U.S. stage have not been playwrights but composers and lyricists: Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, George Gershwin, Frank Loesser, Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, to name but a few. Beginning with the first modern musical, Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II's *Show Boat* (1927), these writers have created a durable and increasingly versatile native art form. Broadway musicals at their best fuse music, dance, drama and plain old show biz into total theater.

Musical Comedy Tonight is a serious attempt to explain just how the American musical grew up. The show's host and creator, Sylvia Fine Kaye, is a songwriter (for her husband Danny) and a teacher (at the University of Southern California and Yale). Her TV special is a canny amalgam of entertainment and history. Over 90 minutes the audience watches 14 numbers from typical musicals of different eras: *Good News* (1927), *Anything Goes* (1934), *Oklahoma!* (1943) and *Company* (1970). In between, Kaye describes the genesis and innovations of each show, augmenting her observations with demonstrations at the piano and interviews with Broadway veterans who helped create the originals.

The numbers are exceptionally well

done. Rather than restage them for television—a deflating technique endemic to PBS's *Theater in America* series—Kaye shoots them on a proscenium stage, usually with the help of the original set designs, orchestrations and choreography. At times she even enlists the original per-



Davidson leads the chorus in *Oklahoma!*

formers: Ethel Merman belts *Anything Goes* and Gemze de Lappe dances *Oklahoma!*'s dream ballet as if these shows had never closed. Bobby Van and Bernadette Peters, who were not born when *Good News* opened, summon up the sentimental performing style of the '20s so well that their rendition of *The Best Things in Life Are Free* is surprisingly touching. There is also an unexpectedly fine turn from John Davidson, whose Vegas slickness dissipates when he leads the chorus in *Oklahoma!* Only Carol Burnett and Sandy Duncan disappoint: their broad delivery blunts the wit and anger of two Sondheim songs from *Company*.

Kaye's enthusiastic narration packs in as many anecdotes as possible. She describes Rodgers' legendary composing speed (ten minutes for *Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'*) and nudges Merman into an unflattering reminiscence of Porter's voice ("He sang like a hinge"). With the aid of Choreographer Agnes de Mille, Kaye re-creates the excitement kindled by *Oklahoma!*, the first musical to integrate all its songs into a story. A few of Kaye's points are debatable. She sweepingly dismisses rock musicals, even though rock is not necessarily incompatible with musical theater. (Indeed, the Beatles sang a song from *The Music Man* on their first hit American album.) Kaye's list of ground-breaking shows ignores such obvious candidates as *Porgy and Bess*, *Pal Joey*, *The Most Happy Fella*, *West Side Story* and *Follies*. She should get around to these soon. *Musical Comedy Tonight* is billed as the pilot for a series. By rights, it ought to run as long as the great musicals it celebrates.

—Frank Rich

Milestones

DIED. Preston Jones, 43, late-blooming playwright widely hailed in 1976 for *A Texas Trilogy*, his saga of life in a one-horse West Texas town: following surgery for ulcers in Dallas. Born in Albuquerque, big, burly Jones spent the last half of his life in Texas, working as a director, ticket taker and lead actor at Paul Baker's Dallas Theater Center, where his wife Mary Sue is second in command. Almost 40 when he finished his three plays set in mythical Bradleyville, Jones was discovered by Tennessee Williams' agent, Audrey Wood, who arranged for a Washington production of *Trilogy*. The plays' success at the Kennedy Center led to a brief run on Broadway and national celebrity for the author, but Jones chose to continue to work quietly in Dallas, where, he said, he had "a life in the theater for which most playwrights dream."

DIED. James G. Grant, 53, an associate editor at *Time* for five years; of a heart attack in Valhalla, N.Y. A veteran of *Stars*

and *Stripes* in Berlin, *Army Times* in London and the Newburgh (N.Y.) *News*, Grant joined *TIME* in 1969, where he specialized in business writing and helped to launch the magazine's Energy section.

DIED. Ludvik Svoboda, 83, President of Czechoslovakia during the 1968 Soviet invasion; in Prague. Having fled to Poland when the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia in 1939, Svoboda returned in 1945 as a triumphant general, alongside Red Army forces. He became Czechoslovakia's first postwar Defense Minister and secretly abetted the Communist takeover three years later. Discredited and imprisoned during the Stalinist purges of the early '50s, he was politically resurrected by Nikita Khrushchev. In 1968, the retired general was selected as a compromise presidential candidate by liberal Czech Leader Alexander Dubček, who hoped the choice would allay Moscow's growing doubts about Dubček's fealty. The plan failed, and Dubček was brutally ousted later that

year. Svoboda, who retained his office until 1975, managed to wrest Dubček and other liberal officials from Soviet custody but agreed to return to support the puppet regime of Gustáv Husák, his successor.

DIED. Gio Ponti, 87, innovative Italian architect, designer and founding publisher (in 1928) of *Domus*, a leading Italian architectural journal, of cancer, in Milan. Ponti's varied projects included a villa for the Shah of Iran, a ministry of industrial development for Iraq, and the auditorium of the Time-Life Building in Manhattan. But his best-known structure is Milan's 420-ft. wafer-thin Pirelli building, which towers higher than any other in Italy. A stalwart debunker of design clichés and a champion of functionalism, Ponti created scoop-like dinner forks, glass bookshelves in which the volumes seem to float, and an austere double bed. A bed, he said, "isn't only a place for voluptuousness," but a place for comfort and majesty.

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We are taking the painful step of cutting our salaried work force by some 8500 people. For a savings of 204 million dollars annually.

But because nothing is more important in the marketplace than product quality, we have added 256 quality control people.

All in all, we have cut costs by more than 650 million dollars so far this year.

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That's a mistake Chrysler has made in the past. But not this time.

You have to know what your problems are before you can solve them. We know what they are. We know how to solve them.

Just how much help does Chrysler need?

We need the help of every American who has an interest in what happens to Chrysler.

We have asked our suppliers to absorb inflationary costs that represent a savings to Chrysler of more than 150 million dollars. Which they have done.

We have asked the UAW for a two year freeze on wages and benefits.

We have asked our banks and other lenders to keep in place our lines of credit of 4.8 billion.

We have asked the governors of states where we have major facilities for more than 300 million dollars in assistance.

We have eliminated all merit increases in salary. And two weeks ago we reduced the salaries of the top 1700 managers and executives by up to 10%.

Each year Chrysler must spend hundreds of millions to meet government regulations. GM spends huge sums as well but they can spread these expenses over four times as many cars for a much lower cost per unit.

We are asking the government for assistance in the form of loan guarantees. Subject to a pay-back of every dollar.

We are not asking for a hand-out or a bail-out.

We just want to compete in a free market on an equal basis.

More than anything else, we need the support of the American car-buyer. The prime beneficiary of fair competition in the marketplace.

Is Chrysler management strong enough to turn Chrysler around?

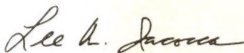
Months before the President of the United States advised Chrysler to restructure its management, we went out and hired the best brains in the business.

We talked leading industry consultants into joining Chrysler full time. To improve manufacturing quality. And to put tighter controls on purchasing.

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The new management of Chrysler is in a fighting mood. And a confident mood. There is not an ounce of quit in our make-up.

We are going to make it. And we are going to make it in the marketplace.



Lee A. Iacocca
Chairman, Chrysler Corporation

Time Essay

Coping with the Soviets' Cuban Brigade

September 1979 may well go down in diplomatic history as the month that the U.S. Government went a little bit haywire. Both the Executive and Legislative branches have overreacted to the belated discovery of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba and have severely jeopardized rational consideration of the SALT II treaty. The events of the past four weeks provide a case study in the breakdown of constitutional process whereby the Administration and Congress are supposed to be partners in statesmanship.

The intelligence community, finally recovered from its obsession with Cuba of the 1960s, had recently consigned the island to its peripheral vision and focused instead on what seemed more important tasks, like monitoring the tests of new Soviet intercontinental missiles. Then, re-examining evidence that it had been sitting on for a long time, the CIA changed its opinion about the exact nature of Soviet military manpower in Cuba. Contrary to assurances that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance had already given the Senate, the agency concluded that about one-third of the 6,000 to 9,000 Russians on duty in Cuba are combat troops rather than advisers and technicians.

What upset the intelligence analysts was not that they had exposed some new and perfidious Soviet menace but that they had failed to notice a brigade that had been there for years. What upset the Carter Administration was not the intelligence failure but an acute political problem. Vance had inadvertently misled the Senate.

So the Administration decided to seize the initiative in the inevitable controversy. Rather than let Senator Henry Jackson exploit the issue to scuttle SALT or Senator Howard Baker to ingratiate himself with the Republican right, the Administration would give a senatorial ally, Idaho's Frank Church, a sneak preview of the information and thus offer him an opportunity to go public with it. That way, he might be a principal arbiter of an acceptable Soviet explanation for the brigade. But Church, facing tough conservative opposition to his re-election next year, panicked. The Senate would not ratify SALT, he proclaimed, until the Soviet brigade had been removed.

No way will the Soviets oblige. They are notoriously loath to let U.S. Senators beat them with sticks, no matter what the carrots. In 1974 the Kremlin made clear that it would rather live without most-favored-nation status than submit to "Scoop" Jackson's condition of increased emigration of Jews. Soviet sensitivities are a matter not only of international pride but also of intramural Kremlin politics. Nikita Khrushchev lost his job partly because the Kennedy Administration forced him to remove Soviet missiles from Cuba in 1962.

Almost everyone acknowledges that the Soviet brigade does not violate the 1962 Soviet-American agreement that ended the Cuban missile crisis. Nor does it come anywhere near as close to straining the spirit of that agreement as did the berthing of Russian atomic submarines in Cuba in 1970 (see Kissinger: *White House Years*) or the stationing of MiG-23s on the island in 1978.* Nor is the brigade plausibly a strike force for an assault on Guatemala or Key West. Nor did it arrive recently enough to be a deliberate, mischievous test of Jimmy Carter's

will. Nor does it have anything to do with the issues in SALT.

Henry Kissinger and some Senators have urged linking ratification of the treaty with a significant boost in the U.S. military budget to offset increased Soviet arms spending of the past five years. That is a creditable argument, since SALT must enhance U.S. defenses as well as help control arms. But there are no grounds for linking SALT to the Soviet brigade in Cuba. The Soviets say the unit has been there for 17 years, and U.S. intelligence sources concede it has been there for at least ten, so the brigade is not even symbolically part of the global Soviet buildup. A number of critics have argued for a kind of punitive linkage—withholding SALT if the Soviets misbehave around the world. But it is hardly logical to "punish" the U.S.S.R. for having not quite 3,000 soldiers in Cuba by allowing it to have an extra 3,000 nuclear warheads, the number that the Soviets could add to their intercontinental missiles unless the lower SALT II ceilings are adopted.

Of course Cuba is a fortress, and of course it is reinforced by the Soviets. It has been so for decades. There is legitimate, longstanding concern over the island's use as a training ground for Soviet-Cuban adventures in the Third World, including the Caribbean. But Castro's reprehensible conduct as a global mischief-maker bedeviled American foreign policy long before the ratification of SALT II or the re-election of Frank Church was an issue. Cuba's predatory military probably will continue to be a problem for a long time to come—until the U.S. recovers some measure of leverage on Cuba, possibly by restoring trade and diplomatic relations and thereby beginning the difficult process of prying Cuba out of the Soviet bear hug.

Even Cyrus Vance, in his attempt to pre-empt his critics, has called the presence of the brigade "a very serious matter" and said that the Administration "will not be satisfied with the status quo." Thus Vance contributed to the misimpression that the Soviet military presence in Cuba has been steadily and ominously growing.

In fact, that presence seems to have remained fairly steady since the mid-1960s—as has the U.S. military presence in Cuba, in the form of the large U.S. Navy base at Guantanamo Bay.

Now the issue has moved into intensive, private negotiations between Vance and Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin. Vance must persuade the Kremlin to alter the status quo so that the Administration can climb out of its hole—and Frank Church can climb out of an even deeper one. If Vance succeeds, and the Russians agree to tinker with the command structure, deployment and definition of the brigade, then Americans will have to live with the uncomfortable knowledge that in the overblown Cuban crisis of September 1979, Soviet flexibility rescued the U.S. Government from its own clumsiness. If Vance fails, there is a good chance that a sensible debate on the merits of the SALT treaty, will be impossible. The treaty might well have to be shelved until the silly season of the 1980 elections is over.

Whatever the outcome, the Cuban affair not only casts little more doubt on the leadership of the Carter Administration but also raises a longer-term and more disturbing question about whether the Congress—recently so assertive about playing a bigger role in foreign policy—can help solve crises rather than manufacturing and aggravating them.

—Strobe Talbott



Secret Negotiators Vance and Dobrynin

*After U.S. protests, the subs were pulled out, and U.S. intelligence confirmed that the MiGs were not rigged to carry nuclear weapons.

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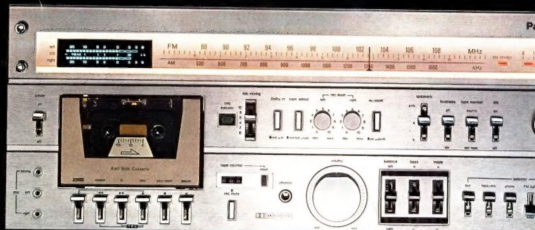
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